SECRET LOVE,

OR THE

Maiden-Queen:

As it is Acted

By His Majesties Servants

AT THE

THEATER-ROYAL.

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

——Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est
Qui minimis urgetur. Hor.

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A 2

FORGET-ME-NOT;

OR THE

MISGUIDED DUKE.

As it is Acted

AT THE

HAYMARKET-ROYAL.

Written by

PREFACE.

IT has been the ordinary practice of the French Poets, to dedicate their Works of this nature to their King, especially when they have had the least encouragement to it, by his approbation of them on the Stage. But I confess I want the confidence to follow their example, though perhaps I have as specious pretences to it for this Piece, as any they can boast of: it having been own'd in so particular a manner by His Majesty, that he has grac'd it with the Title of His Play, and thereby rescued it from the severity (that I may not say malice) of its Enemies. But, though a character so high and undeserv'd has not rais'd in me the presumption to offer such a trifle to his most serious view, yet I will own the vanity to say, that after this glory which it has receiv'd from a Soveraign Prince, I could not send it to seek protection from any Subject. Be this Poem then sacred to him without the tedious form of a Dedication, and without presuming to interrupt those hours which he is dayly giving to the peace and settlement of his people.

For what else concerns this Play; I would tell the Reader that it is regular, according to the strictest of Dramatick Laws, but that it is a commendation which many of our Poets now despise, and a beauty which our common Audiences do not easily discern. Neither indeed do I value my self upon it, because with all that symmetry of parts, it may want an air and spirit (which consists in the writing) to set it off. 'Tis a question variously disputed, whether an Author may be allowed as a competent judge of his own works. As to the Fabrick and contrivance of them certainly he may, for that is properly the employment of the judgement; which, as a Master-builder may determine and that without deception, whether the work be according to the exactness of the model; still granting him to have a perfect Idea of that pattern by which he works: and that he keeps himself alwayes constant to the discourse of his judgement, without admitting self-love, which is the false surveyer of his Fancy, to intermeddle in it. These Qualifications granted (being such as all sound Poets are presupposed to have within them) I think all Writers, of what kind soever, may infallibly

judg

judge of the frame and contexture of their Works. But for the ornament of Writing, which is greater, more various and bizarre in Poesie then in any other kind, as it is properly the Child of Fancy, so it can receive no measure, or at least but a very imperfect one of its own excellencies or failures from the judgement. Self-love (which enters but rarely into the offices of the judgement) here predominates. And Fancy (if I may so speak) judging of it self, can be no more certain or demonstrative of its own effects, than two crooked lines can be the adæquate measure of each other. What I have said on this subject, may, perhaps, give me some credit with my Readers, in my opinion of this Play, which I have ever valued above the rest of my Follies of this kind: yet not thereby in the least dissenting from their judgement who have concluded the writing of this to be much inferior to my Indian Emperour. But the Argument of that was much more noble, not having the allay of Comedy to depress it: yet if this be more perfect, either in its kind, or in the general notion of a Play, 'tis as much as I desire to have granted for the vindication of my Opinion, and, what as nearly touches me, the sentence of a Royal Judge.

Many have imagin'd the Character of *Philocles* to be faulty; some for not discovering the Queens love, others for his joining in her restraint. But though I am not of their number, who obstinately defend what they have once said, I may with modesty take up those answers which have been made for me by my Friends; namely, that *Philocles*, who was but a Gentleman of ordinary birth, had no reason to guess so soon at the Queens Passion, she being a person so much above him, and by the suffrages of all her people, already destin'd to *Lysimantes*: Besides, that he was prepossessed, (as the Queen somewhere hints it to him) with another inclination which rendred him less clear-sighted in it, since no man, at the same time, can distinctly view two different objects. And if this, with any shew of reason, may be defended I leave my Masters the Critics to determine, whether it be not much more conducing to the beauty of my Plot, that *Philocles* should be long kept ignorant of the Queens love, than that with one leap he should have entred into the knowledg of it, and thereby freed himself, to the disgust of the Audience, from that pleasing Labyrinth of errors which was prepar'd for him. As for that other

objection

objection of his joying in the Queens imprisonment, it is indisputably that which every man, if he examines himself, would have done on the like occasion. If they answer that it takes from the height of his Character to do it; I would enquire of my over-wise Censors, who told them I intended him a perfect Character, or indeed what necessity was there he should be so, the variety of Images, being one great beauty of a Play? it was as much as I design'd, to show one great and absolute pattern of honour in my Poem, which I did in the Person of the Queen: All the defects of the other parts being set to show the more to recommend that one Character of Vertue to the Audience. But neither was the fault of *Philocles* so great, if the circumstances be consider'd, which, as moral Philosophy assures us, make the essential differences of good and bad; He himself best explaining his own intentions in his last Act, which was the restauration of his Queen; and even before that, in the honesty of his expressions when he was unavoidably led by the impulsions of his love to do it. That which with more reason was objected as an indecorum, is the management of the last Scene of the Play, where *Celadon*

and *Florimell* are treating too lightly of their marriage in the presence of the Queen, who likewise seems to stand idle while the great action of the *Drama* is still depending, This I cannot otherwise defend, than by telling you I so design'd it on purpose to make my Play go off more smartly; that Scene, being in the opinion of the best judges, the most diverting of the whole Comedy. But though the Artifice succeeded, I am willing to acknowledge it as a fault, since it pleas'd His Majesty, the best Judg, to think it so. I have onely to add, that the Play is founded on a story in the *Cyrus*, which he calls the Queen of *Corinth*, in whose Character, as it has been affirm'd to me, he represents that of the famous *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*. This is what I thought convenient to write by way of Preface, to the Maiden-Queen; in the reading of which, I fear you will not meet with that satisfaction which you have had in seeing it on the Stage; the chief parts of it both serious and comick, being performed to that height of excellence, that nothing but a command which I could not handsomely disobey, could have given me the courage to have made it publick.

Prologue.

I.

HE who writ this, not without pains and thought
From French *and* English *Theaters has brought*
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Johnsons *humour, with* Corneilles *rhyme.*

III.

But while dead colours he with care did lay,
He fears his Wit, or Plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living Beauties of a Play.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how e're fortify'd
By Engineers, have still some weaker side
By the o're-seen Defendant unespy'd.

V.

And with that Art you make approaches now;
Such skilful fury in Assaults you show,
That every Poet without shame may bow.

VI.

Ours therefore humbly would attend your doom,
If Souldier-like, he may have terms to come
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum.

The Prologue goes out, and stays while a Tune is play'd, after which he returns again.

Second

Second PROLOGUE.

I Had forgot one half I do proteſt,
And now am ſent again to ſpeak the reſt.
He bows to every great and noble Wit,
But to the little Hectors of the Pit
Our Poet's ſturdy, and will not ſubmit.
He'll be before-hand with 'em, and not ſtay
To ſee each peeviſh Critick ſtab his Play:
Each Puny Cenſor, who his skill to boaſt,
Is cheaply witty on the Poets coſt.
No Criticks verdict, ſhould, of right, ſtand good,
They are excepted all as men of blood:
And the ſame Law ſhall ſhield them from their fury
Which has excluded Butchers from a Jury.
You'd all be Wits———
But writing's tedious, and that way may fail;
The moſt compendious method is to rail:
Which you ſo like, you think your ſelves ill us'd
When in ſmart Prologues you are not abus'd.
A civil Prologue is approv'd by no man;
You hate it as you do a Civil woman:
Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
To have it quicken'd e're you ſee a Play.
Juſt as old Sinners worn from their delight,
Give money to be whip'd to appetite.
But what a Pox keep I ſo much ado
To ſave our Poet? he is one of you;

A Brother Judgement, and as I hear say,
A curſed Critick as e'r damn'd a Play.
Good ſalvage Gentlemen your own kind ſpare,
He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear;
Yet think not he'l your antient rights invade,
Or ſtop the courſe of your free damning Trade;
For he, (he vows) at no friends Play can ſit,
But he muſt needs find fault to ſhew his Wit:
Then, for his ſake ne'r ſtint your own delight;
Throw boldly, for he ſets to all that write;
With ſuch he ventures on an even lay,
For they bring ready Money into Play.
Thoſe who write not, and yet all writers nick,
Are Bankrupt Gameſters, for they damn on tick.

The

The Persons.

Queen of *Sicily* ——— Mrs *Marshall*.
Candiope, Princes of the Blood ——— Mrs *Quin*.
Asteria, the Queens Confident ——— Mrs *Knep*.
Florimel, A Maid of Honour ——— Mrs *Ellen Guyn*.
Flavia, another Maid of Honour ——— Mrs *Frances Davenport*
Olinda, } Sisters. ——— Mrs *Rutter*.
Sabina, } Sisters. ——— Mrs. *Eliz. Davenport*.
Melissa, Mother to *Olinda* and *Sabina* ——— Mrs *Cory*.

Lysimantes, first Prince of the Blood ——— Mr. *Burt*.
Philocles, the Queens favourite ——— Major *Mohun*.
Celadon, a Courtier ——— Mr. *Hart*.
Guards.
Pages of Honour.
Souldiers.

The Scene *SICILY*.

SECRET LOVE:

OR THE

Maiden-Queen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene is Walks, *near the Court.*

Enter Celadon, Asteria, *meeting each other, be in riding habit; they embrace.*

Celadon. DEar *Asteria!*

Asteria. My dear Brother! welcome; a thousand welcomes: Methinks this year you have been absent has been so tedious! I hope as you have made a pleasant Voyage, so you have brought your good humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Womans.

Ast. Or at a Funeral.

Cel. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditors of mine, whose Book perished with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? how do *Melisse*'s two fair Daughters?

Ast. When you tell me which of 'em you are in love with, I'l answer you.

Cel. Which of 'em, naughty sister, what a question's there? With both of 'em, with each and singular of 'em.

Ast. Bless me! you are not serious!

Cel. You look as if it were a wonder to see a Man in Love: are they not handsome?

Ast. I, but both together——

Cel. I, and both asunder; why, I hope there are but two of 'em the tall Singing and Dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

Ast. But you cannot marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em I trust in Heaven; but I can keep them company, I can sing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em, and that, I take it, is somewhat better than rashly marrying them: Marriage is poor folks pleasure that cannot go to the cost of variety: but I am out of danger of that with these two, for I love 'em so equally I can never make choice between 'em, Had I but one Mistress, I might go to her to be merry, and she, perhaps, be out of humour; there were a visit lost: But here, if one of 'em frown upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpose to recommend her own gayety, besides a thousand things that I could name.

Ast. And none of 'em to any purpose.

Cel. Well, If you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Ast. You know I am always busie about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice onely, till I am a little flush'd in my acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to prey for my self: I promise you I'le make all the haste I can to end the trouble, by being in love somewhere else.

Ast. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And reason good: many a man hangs himself for the loss of one Mistris: How do you think then I should bear the loss of two, especially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin sown.

Ast. There's one *Florimel* the Queens Ward a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vast Fortune.

Cel. I am for her before the World: bring me to her, and I'l release you of your promise for the other two.

Enter a Page. Madam the Queen expects you.

Cel. I see you hold her favour; Adieu Sister, you have a little Emissary there, otherwise I would offer you my service.

Ast. Farwell Brother, think upon *Florimel*.

Cel. You may trust my memory for an handsome Woman,

I'le

I'll think upon her, and the rest too; I'le forget none of 'em.

Exit Alteria.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman walking over the Stage hastily: after him Florimel, *and* Flavia *Masqued.*

Fla. Phermio, Phermio, you will not leave us——

Gent. In faith I have a little bus'nes——*Exit Gentle.*

Cel. Cannot I serve you in the Gentlemans room, ladies?

Fla. Which of us would you serve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Who, could you not be constant to one?

Cel. Constant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good purpose, if I must be constant to one; give me some Twenty, some Forty, some a Hundred Mistresses, I have more Love than any woman can turn her to.

Flo. Bless us, let us be gone Cousin; we two are nothing in his hands.

Cel. Yet for my part, I can live with as few Mistresses as any man: I desire no superfluities; onely for necessary change or so; as I shift my Linnen.

Fla. A pretty odd kind of fellow this: he fits my humour rarely:—— [*Aside.*]

Flo. You are as unconstant as the Moon.

Fla. You wrong him, he's as constant as the Sun; he would see all the world in 24 hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam, but, like him, I would visit and away.

Flor. For what an unreasonable thing it were to stay long, be troublesome, and hinder a Lady of a fresh Lover.

Cel. A rare Creature this!—— besides Madam, how like a fool a man looks, when after all his eagerness of two Minutes before, he shrinks into a faint kiss and a cold complement.

Ladies both, into your hands I commit my self; save me betwixt you.

Fla. I have nothing to doe with you, since you cannot be constant to one.

Cel. Nay, rather than loose either of you, I'l do more; I'll be constant to an hundred of you: or, (if you will needs fetter me to one,) agree the matter between your selves; and the most handsome take me.

Flor. Though I am not she, yet since my Masque's down, and you cannot convince me, have a good faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my servant.

Cel. And for once, I'l make a blind bargain with you: strike hands; is't a Match Mistris?

Flor. Done Servant.

Cel. Now I am sure I have the worst on't: for you see the worst of me, and that I do not of you till you shew your face;—— Yet now I think on't you must be handsome.

Flor. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Just such a one as yours.

Flor. What's that?

Cel. Such an Oval Face, clear Skin, hazel Eyes, thick brown Eye-brows, and Hair as you have for all the world.

Flo. But I can assure you she has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy peace Envy; nay I can be constant an I set on't.

Flor. 'Tis true she tells you.

Cel. I, I, you may slander your self as you please; then you have, let me see.

Flo. I'll swear you shan't see.——

Cel. A turn'd up Nose, that gives an air to your face: Oh, I find I am more and more in love with you! a full neather Lip, an out-mouth, that makes mine water at it: the bottom of your cheeks a little bluby, and two dimples when you smile, for your stature 'tis well, and for your wit 'twas given you by one that knew it had been thrown away upon an ill face; come you are handsome, there's no denying it.

Flor. Can you fetch'l your spirits to see an ugly face, and not be frighted. I could find in my heart to lift up my Masque and disabuse you.

Cel. I defie your Masque, would you would try the experiment.

Flor. No I won't; for your ignorance is the Mother of your devotion to me.

Cel. Since you will not take the pains to convert me I'l make bold to

to keep my faith: a miserable man I am sure you have made me.

Fla. This is pleasant.

Cel. It may be so to you, but 'tis not to me; for ought I see, I am going to the most constant *Maiden*.

Flor. 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be constant to one you have never seen; and have forsaken all you have seen.

Cel. It seems you know me then: well if thou should'st prove one of my cast Mistresses I would die thee most damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

Flor. You are th'right: an old Mistris or Servant is an old Tune, the pleasure on't is past, when we have once learnt it.

Fla. But what woman in the world would you with her like?

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel* the Queens Ward, would she were as like her for Beauty, as she is for Humour.

Fla. Do you hear that Cousin? (*to Flor. aside*)

Flor. Florimel's not handsome: besides she's unconstant, and only loves for some few days.

Cel. If she loves for shorter time then I, she must love by Winter days and Summer nights, faith.

Flor. When you see us together you shall judge: in the mean time adieu sweet servant.

Cel. Why, you will not be so inhumane to carry away my heart and not so much as tell me where I may hear news on't?

Flor. I mean to keep it safe for you; for if you had it, you would bestow it worse: farewel, I must see a Lady.

Cel. So must I too, if I can pull off your Masque.

Flor. You will not be so rude, I hope.

Cel. By this light but I will:

Flor. By this leg but you shan't.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Flavia running.*

SCENE III.

Enter Philocles, *and meets him going out.*

Cel. How! my Cousin the new Favourite! ——— [*aside*

Phil. Dear *Celadon*, most happily arriv'd.
I hear y'have been a honour to your Country.
In the *Calabian* Wars, and I am glad

I have

I have some interest in't.

Cel. ——————But in you
I have a larger subject for my joys;
To see so rare a thing as rising vertue,
And merit understood at Court——

Phil. Perhaps it is the only art that can
Accuse our Queen of weakness——

Enter Lysimantes at a door.

Lys. O, my Lord *Philocles* well overtaken!
I came to look you (*Phil.*) had I known it sooner,
My swift attendance, Sir, had spar'd your trouble.
To Cel. ——Cousin, you see, Prince *Lysimantes*
Is pleased to favour me with his commands:
I beg you'l be no stranger now at Court.

Cel. So long as there be Ladies there, you need
Not doubt me.

[*Exit Celadon.*

Phil. Some of them will, I hope, make you a Convert.

Lys. My Lord *Philocles*, I am glad we are alone;
There is a business that concerns me nearly,
In which I beg your love. (*Phil.*) Command my service.

Lys. I know your interest with the Queen is great;
(I speak not this as envying your fortune,
For frankly I confess you have deserv'd it.)
Besides, my Birth, my Courage and my Honour,
Are all above so base a Vice——

Phil. I know, my Lord, you are first Prince o'th' Blood;
Your Countreys second hope;
And that the publick Vote when the Queen weds,
Designs you for her choice.

Lys. I am not worthy.
Except Love makes desert;
For doubtless she's the glory of her time;
Of faultless Beauty, blooming as the Spring,
In our *Sicilian* Groves; matchless in Vertue,
And largely sold where e're her bounty gives,
As with each breath she could create new Realms.

Phil. But jealous of her glory.

Lys.

Lyſ. You are a Courtier; and in other terms,
Would you ſay ſhe is averſe from Marriage
Leſt it might leſſon her authority.
But, whenſoe'r ſhe does, I know the people
Will ſcarcely ſuffer her to march
With any neighb'ring Prince, whoſe power might bend
Our free *Sicilians* to a foreign Yoke.

Phil. I love too well my Country to deſire it.

Lyſ. Then to proceed, (as you well know, my Lord)
The Provinces have ſent their Deputies
Humbly to move her ſhe would chooſe at home:
And, for ſhe ſeems averſe from ſpeaking with them
By my appointment, have deſign'd theſe Walks,
Where well ſhe cannot ſhun them. Now, if you
Aſſiſt their ſuit, by joyning yours to it,
And by your mediation I prove happy,
I freely promiſe you.——

Phil. Without a bribe command my utmoſt in it:——
And yet, there is a thing, which time may give me
The confidence to name:—— (*Lyſ.* 'Tis yours whatever,
But tell me true, does ſhe not entertain
Some deep and ſetled thoughts againſt my perſon?

Phil. I hope not ſo; but ſhe of late is froward;
Reſerv'd, and ſad, and vex'd at little things,
Which her great ſoul allarm'd of, ſtrait ſhakes off,
And is compos'd again.

Lyſ. You are ſtill near the Queen; and all our Actions come to Princes Eyes, as they are repreſented by them that hold the Miror.

Phil. Here ſhe comes, and with her the Deputies;——
I fear all is not right.

Enter Queen Deputies after her, Aſteria, Guard, Flavia, Olinda, Sabina.

Queen turns back to the Deputies, and ſpeaks entring.

Qu. And I muſt tell you,
It is a lawcy boldneſs thus to preſs.

On

On my retirements.——

1. *Dep.* Our business being of no less concern
Then is the peace and quiet of your Subjects——
and that delay'd——

2. *Dep.* ——we humbly took this time
To represent your peoples fears to you.

Qu. My peoples fears! who made them States-men?
They much mistake their business, if they think
It is to govern:—— I would have you know
The Rights of Subjects and of Sovereigns
Are things distinct in Nature; theirs is to
Enjoy propriety, not dispute.

Lys. If they have err'd, 'twas but an over-care,
An ill-tim'd Duty.——

Qu. Cousin I expect
From your near Blood, not to excuse, but check em.
They would impose a Ruler ——
Upon their lawful Queen:
For what's an Husband else?

Lys. Far, Madam, be it from the thoughts
Of any who pretends to that high Honour
To wish for more then to be reckon'd
As the most grac'd, and first of all your Servants.

Qu. These are the insinuating promises
Of those who aim at pow'r: but tell me Cousin,
(For you are unconcern'd and may be Judge)
Should that aspiring man compass his ends,
What pawn of his obedience could he give me,
When Kingly pow'r were once invested in him?

Lys. What greater pledge than Love? when those fair Eyes
Cast their commanding beams, he that cou'd be
A Rebel to your birth, must pay them homage.

Qu. All eyes are fair
That sparkle with the Jewels of a Crown:
But now I see my Government is odious;
My people find I am not fit to Reign,
Else they would never——

Lys. So far from that, we all acknowledge you
The bounty of the Gods to *Sicile*:
More than they are you cannot make our Joys;
Make them but lasting in a Successor.

Phil. Your people seek not to impose a Prince;
But humbly offer one to your free choice:
And such a one as he is, (may I have leave
To speak some little of his great deserts.)

Qu. I'l hear no more——

To the Dep. For you, attend to morrow at the Council,
There you shall have my firm resolves, meantime
My Cousin I am sure will welcome you.

Lys. Still more and more mysterious: but I have gain'd one of her women that shall unriddle it:——Come Gentlemen.——

All Dep. Heav'n preserve your Majesty. {*Exeunt* Lysimantes *and* Deputies.

Qu. Philocles, you may stay.

Phil. I humbly wait your Majesties commands.

Qu. Yet now I better think on't you may go.

Phil. Madam!——

Qu. I have no commands.——or, what's all one
You, no obedience.

Phil. How, no obedience, Madam?
I plead no other merit; 'tis the Charter
By which I hold your favour, and my fortunes.

Qu. My favours are cheap blessings, like Rain and Sun-shine,
For which we scarcely thank the Gods, because
We daily have them.

Phil. Madam, your Breath which rais'd me from the dust
May lay me there again:
But fate nor time can ever make me lose
The sence of your indulgent bounties to me.

Qu. You are above them now, grown popular:
Ah *Philocles*, could I expect from you
That usuage! no tongue but yours
To move me to a marriage——[*weeps.*
The factious Deputies might have some end in't,

And my ambitious Cousin gain a Crown;
But what advantage could there come to you?
What could you hope from *Lysimantes* Reign
That you can want in mine?

Phil. You yourself clear me, Madam, had I fought
More pow'r, this Marriage sure was not the way.
But, when your safety was in question,
When all your people were unsatisfied,
Desir'd a King, nay more, design'd the Man,
It was my duty then——

Qu. Let me be judge of my own safety;
I am a woman,
But danger from my Subjects cannot fright me.

Phil. But *Lysimantes*, Madam, is a person——

Qu. I cannot love,——
Shall I, I who born a Sovereign Queen,
Be barr'd of that which God and Nature gives
The meanest Slave, a freedom in my love?
——Leave me, good *Philocles*, to my own thoughts;
When next I need your counsel I'l send for you——

Phil. I'm most unhappy in your high displeasure,
But, since I must not speak, Madam, be pleas'd
To peruse this, and therein, read my care.

He plucks out a paper and presents it to her But drops, unknown to him a Picture.

Queen reads.—— *Exit* Philocles
A Catalogue of such persons——

Spies the Box. What's this he has let fall? *Asteria:*

Ast. Your Majesty——

Qu. Take that up, it fell from *Philocles.*

She takes it up, looks on it, and smiles.

Qu. How now, what makes you merry?

Ast. A small discovery I have made, Madam.

Qu. Of what?

Ast. Since first your Majesty grac'd *Philocles*,
I have not heard him nam'd for any Mistris
But now this picture has convinc'd me.——

Qu.

Qu. Ha! let me see it—— —— (*Snatches it from her*)
Candiope, Prince *Lysimantes* listen
Ast. Your favour Madam, may encourage him——
And yet he loves in a high place for him:
A Princess of the Blood, and what is more,
Beyond comparison the fairest Lady
Our Isle can boast.
Qu. How! she the fairest
Beyond comparison: 'tis false, you flatter her;
She is not fair.——
Ast. I humbly beg forgiveness on my knees,
If I offended you: but next yours, Madam,
Which all must yield to ——
Qu. I pretend to none.
Ast. She passes for a Beauty.
Qu. I, she may pass.——But why do I speak of her?
Dear *Asteria* lead me, I am not well o' th' suddain.——
She faints.
Ast. Whose near there? help the Queen.
The Guards are coming.
Qu. Bid 'em away, 'twas but a qualm,
And 'tis already going.—— ——
Ast. Dear Madam what's the matter! y'are
Of late so alter'd I scarce know you. ——
You were gay humour'd, and you now are pensive,
Once calm, and now unquiet;
Pardon my boldness that I press thus far
Into your secret thoughts: I have at least
A subjects share in you.
Qu. Thou hast a greater,
That of a friend; but am I froward, saist thou!
Ast. It ill becomes me Madam, to say that.
Qu. I know I am: prithee forgive me for it.
I cannot help it, but thou hast
Not long to suffer it.
Ast. Alas!
Qu. I feel my strength each day and hour consume,
Like Lillies wasting in a Lymbecks heat.

Yet a few days ——
And thou shalt see me lie all damp and cold,
Shrowded within some hollow Vault, among
My silent Ancestors.

Ast. O dearest Madam!
Speak not of death, or think not, if you die
That I will stay behind.

Qu. Thy love has mov'd me, I for once will have
The pleasure to be pitied; I'll unfold
A thing so strange, so horrid of my self; ——

Ast. Bless me, sweet Heaven!
So horrid, said you, Madam?

Qu. That Sun, who with one look surveys the Globe,
Sees not a wretch like me: and could the world
Take a right measure of my state within,
Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me.

Ast. Sure none could do the last.

Qu. Thou long'st to know't:
And I do tell thee, but shame stops my mouth.
First promise me thou wilt excuse my folly,
And next be secret. ——

Ast. —— Can you doubt it Madam?

Qu. Yet you might spare my labour;
Can you not guess ——

Ast. Madam, please you, I'll try.

Qu. Hold: *Asteria*:
I would not have you guess, for should you find it
I should imagine, that some other might,
And then, I were most wretched;
Therefore, though you should know it, flatter me:
And say you could not guess it. ——

Ast. Madam, I need not flatter you, I cannot. —— and yet,
Might not Ambition trouble your repose?

Qu. My *Sicily* I thank the Gods, consents me.
But since I must reveal it, know 'tis love:
I who pretended so to glory, am
Become the slave of love. ——

Ast. I thought your Majesty had fram'd designes

To

To ſubvert all your Laws; become a Tyrant,
Or vex your neighbours with injurious wars;
Is this all? Madam.

Qu. Is not this enough?
Then, know, I love below my ſelf; a Subject;
Love one who loves another, and who knows not
That I love him.

Aſt. He muſt be told it, Madam.

Qu. Not for the world: *Aſteria:*
When e'r he knows it, I ſhall die for ſhame.

Aſt. What is it then that would content you?

Qu. Nothing but that I had not lov'd.

Aſt. May I not ask without offence who 'tis?

Qu. Ev'n that confirms me I have lov'd amiſs;
Since thou canſt know I love, and not imagine
It muſt be *Philocles*

Aſt. My Couſin is indeed a moſt deſerving perſon;
Valiant and wiſe, and handſome, and well born.

Qu. But not of Royal bloud:
I know his fate unfit to be a King.
To be his wife I could forſake my Crown; but not my Glory:
Yet,——would he did not love *Candiope*;
Would he lov'd me,—— but knew not of my love,
Or e'r durſt tell me his: *Aſt.* In all this Labyrinth,
I find one path conducing to your quiet.

Qu. O tell me quickly then.

Aſt. *Candiope*, as Princeſs of the Blood
Without your approbation cannot marry:
Firſt break his match with her, by vertue of
Your Sovereign Authority.

Qu. I fear that were to make him hate me.
Or, what's as bad, to let him know I love him:
Could you not do it of your ſelf?

Aſt. I'l not be wanting to my pow'r:
But if your Majeſty appears not in it;
The love of *Philocles* will ſoon ſurmount
All other difficulties.

Qu.

Qu. Then, as we walk, we'l think what means are best,
Effect but this, and thou shar'st half my breast. *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Queens Apartment.*

Asteria, sola. NOthing thrives that I have plotted:
For I have sounded *Philocles*, and find
He is too constant to *Candiope*:
Her too I have assaulted, but in vain,
Objecting want of quality in *Philocles*.
I'l to the Queen and plainly tell her
She must make use of her Authority
To break the match.

SCENE II.

Enter Celadon *looking about him.*

Brother! what make you here
About the Queens Apartments?
Which of the Ladies are you watching for?

Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good turn to make me soundly in love.

Ast. Then I'l bespeak you one; you will be desp'rately in love with *Florimel*: so soon as the Queen heard you were return'd she gave you her for Mistriss.

Cel. Thank her Majesty; but to confess the truth my fancy lies partly another way.

Ast. That's strange: *Florimel* vows you are already in love with her.

Cel. She wrongs me horribly, if ever I saw or spoke with this *Florimel.* ——

Ast. Well, take your fortune, I must leave you. [*Exit* Asteria.

SCENE III.

Enter Florimel, *sees him, and is running back.*

Cel. Nay y'faith I am got betwixt you and home, you are my pris'ner, Lady bright, till you resolve me one question.

She

She signs. She is dumb.

Pox, I think she's dumb: what a vengeance dost thou at Court, with such a rare face, without a tongue to answer to a kind question. Art thou dumb indeed, then, thou canst tell no tales,——goes to kiss her.

Flor. Hold, hold, you are not mad!

Cel. Oh, my miss in a Masque! have you found your tongue?

Flor. 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?

Cel. Methinks your Lips had done as well.

Flor. I, if my Masque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the walks.

Cel. Well; will you believe me another time? did not I say you were infinitely handsome: they may talk of *Florimel*, if they will, but y'faith she must come short of you.

Flor. Have you seen her, then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had soon enough of her, she is not to be seen twice without a surfeit.

Flor. However you are beholding to her, they say she loves you.

Cel. By fate she shan't not love me: I have told her a piece of my mind already: pox o' these coming women: they set a man to dinner before he has an appetite.

[Flavia *at the door.*

Florimel you are call'd within.—— [*Exit.*

Cel. I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel*;

Flor. Ev'n she at your service; the same kind and coming *Florimel*, you have describ'd:

Cel. Why then we are agreed already, I am as kind and coming as you for the heart of you: I knew at first we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flor. But, without raillery, are you in Love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my conscience I could marry you.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: but if you are really in love you have done me the greatest pleasure in the world.

Cel. That pleasure, and a better too I have in store for you.

Flor. This Animal call'd a Lover I have long'd to see these two years.

Cel.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Masque on all the while, for if you had been seen, you could not have been without your wish.

Flor. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover: but I must other proofs of Love e'r I believe it.

Cel. You shall have the best that I can give you.

Flor. I would have a Lover, that if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his neck, poison himself, for very despair: he that will scruple this is an impudent fellow if he says he is in love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of these four things would you have your Lover do? for a man's but a man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his neck, and poyson himself, altogether.

Flor. Well then, because you are but a beginner, and I would not discourage you, any of these shall serve your turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in those Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddles, be not a more acceptable proof of love to you, than any of those Tragical ones you have mentioned.

Flor. However you will grant it is but decent you should be pale, and lean, and melancholick to shew you are in love: and that I shall require of you when I see you next.

Cel. When you see me next? why you do not make a Rabbet of me, to be lean at 24 hours warning? in the mean while we burn day-light, loose time and love.

Flor. Would you marry me without consideration?

Cel. To choose, by heaven, for they that think on't, twenty to one would never doe it, hang forecast; to make sure of one good night is as much in reason as a man should expect from this ill world.

Flor. Methinks a few more years and discretion would do well: I do not like this going to bed so early; it makes one so weary before morning.

Cel. That's much as your pillow is laid before you go to sleep.

Flor. Shall I make a proposition to you? I will give you a whole year of probation to love me in, to grow reserv'd, discreet, sober and faithful, and to pay me all the services of a Lover,——

Cel. And at the end of it you'l marry me?

Flor. If neither of us alter our minds before.——

Cel. By this light a necessary clause.——but if I pay in all the foresaid services before the day, you shall be obliged to take me sooner into mercy.

Flor.

Flor. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of Twelve-month to be prolong'd; so many services I will take you so many days or weeks; so many faults I will add to your Prentiſhip, ſo much more: And of all this I only to be Judge.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philocles *and* Lyſimantes.

Lyſ. Is the Queen this way, Madam?

Flor. I'll ſee ſo pleaſe your Highneſs: Follow me, Captive.

Cel. March on Conqueror. [*She pulls him.*

Lyſ. You'r ſure her Majeſty will not oppoſe it? [*Exeunt*

Phil. Leave that to me my Lord. [Cel. Flor.

Lyſ. Then, though perhaps my Siſters birth might challenge
An higher match,
I'll weigh your merits on the other ſide
To make the ballance even.

Phil. I go my Lord this minute.

Lyſ. My beſt wiſhes wait on you. [*Exit* Lyſimantes.

SCENE V.

Enter the Queen and Aſteria.

Qu. Yonder he is; have I no other way?

Aſt. O Madam, you muſt ſtand this brunt:
Deny him now, and leave the reſt to me?
I'l to *Candiope*'s Mother,
And under the pretence of friendſhip, work
On her Ambition to put off a match
So mean as *Philocles*.

[*Queen to* Phil.] You may approach, Sir,
We two diſcourſe no ſecrets.

Phil. I come, Madam, to weary out your Royal bounty,

Qu. Some ſuit I warrant for your Couſin *Celadon*.
Leave his advancement to my care.

Phil. Your goodneſs ſtill prevents my wiſhes: —yet I have one requeſt.

Might it not pass almost for madness, and
Extream Ambition in me.——

Qu. You know you have a favourable Judge,
It lies in you not to ask any thing
I cannot grant.

Phil. Madam, perhaps you think me too faulty:
But Love alone inspires me with ambition,
Though but to look on fair *Candiope* were an excuse for both.

Qu. Keep your Ambition and let Love alone;
That I can cloy, but this I cannot cure
I have some reasons (invincible to me) which must forbid
Your marriage with *Candiope*.

Phil. I knew I was not worthy.

Qu. Not for that, *Philocles*, you deserve all things,
And to show I think it, my Admiral I hear is dead.
His vacant place, (the best in all my Kingdom)
I here confer on you.

Phil. Rather take back all you had giv'n before,
Than not give this.
For believe, Madam, nothing is so near
My soul as the possession of *Candiope*.

Qu. Since that belief would be to your disadvantage,
I will not entertain it.

Phil. Why, Madam, can you be thus cruel to me?
To give me all things which I did not ask,
And yet deny that onely thing I beg?
And so beg that I find I cannot live
Without the hope of it.

Qu. Hope greater things;
But hope not this. Haste to o'recome your love,
It is but putting a short liv'd passion to a violent death.

Phil. I cannot live without *Candiope*.
But I can die without a murmur,
Having my doom pronounced from your fair mouth.

Qu. If I am to pronounce it, live my *Philocles*,
But live without (I was about to say) [*aside.*
Without his love, but that I cannot do.
Live *Philocles* without *Candiope*.

Phil. Madam, could you give my doom so quickly
And knew it was irrevocable!
'Tis too apparent
You who alone love glory, and whose soul
Is loosned from your senses cannot judge
What torments mine of grosser mould, endures.
Qu. I cannot suffer you
To give me praises which are not my own:
I love like you, and am yet much more wretched
Than you can think your self.
Phil. Weak bars they needs must be that fortune puts
'Twixt Soveraign Power, and all it can desire.
When Princes love, they call themselves unhappy,
Onely, because the word sounds handsome in a Lovers mouth.
But you can cease to be so when you please
By making *Lysimantes* fortunate
Qu. Were he indeed the man, you had some reason;
But 'tis another, more without my power,
And yet a Subject too.
Phil. O, Madam, say not so,
It cannot be a Subject if not he,
It were to be injurious to your self
To make another choice.
Qu. Yet *Lysimantes*, set by him I love,
Is more obscur'd than Stars too near the Sun;
He has a brightness of his own,
Not borrow'd of his Fathers, but born with him.
Phil. Pardon if I say, who e'r he be.
He has practis'd some ill Acts upon you, Madam;
For he, whom you describe, I see is born
But from the lees o'th people.
Qu. You offend me *Philocles*.
Whence had you leave to use those insolent terms
Of him I please to love: one I must tell you,
(Since foolishly I have gone thus far)
Whom I esteem your equal,
And far superior to Prince *Lysimantes*;
One who deserves to wear a Crown.

Phil. Whirlwinds bear me hence before I live
To that detested day. ——— That frown assures me
I have offended, by my over-freedom;
But yet methinks a heart so plain and honest
And zealous of your glory, might hope your pardon for it.

Qu. I give it you; but
When you know him better
You'l alter your opinion; he's no ill friend of yours.

Phil. I well perceive,
He has supplanted me in your esteem;
But that's the least of ills, this fatal wretch
Has practis'd. ——— Think, for Heavens sake, Madam think
If you have drunk no Phylter; ———

Qu. Yes he has given me a Phylter,
But I have drunk it only from his Eyes.

Phil. Hot Irnos thank 'em for't. ——— *Sighs, and turns from her.*

Qu. What's that you mutter?
Hence from my sight! I know not whether
I ever shall endure to see you more.

Phil. But hear me, Madam:

Qu. I say begone. ——— See me no more this day.
I will not hear one word in your excuse.
Now, Sir, be rude again; *And give Laws to your Queen.*

Exit Philocles *bowing.*

Asteria, come hither.
Was ever boldness like to this of *Poiocles*?
Help me to reproach him; for I resolve,
Henceforth no more to love him.

Ast. Truth is, I wondred at your patience, Madam:
Did you not mark his words, his mein, his Action,
How full of haughtiness, how small respect?

Qu. And he to use me thus, he whom I favour'd,
Nay more he whom I lov'd?

Ast. A man methinks of vulgar parts and presence!

Qu. Or allow him something handsome, valiant, or so.
Yet this to me! ———

Ast. The workmanship of inconsiderate favour,
The Creature of rash love; one of those Meteors

Which Monarchs raise from earth,
And people wondring how they came so high,
Fear, from their influence, Plagues, and Wars, and Famine.

Qu. Ha!

Ast. One whom instead of banishing a day,
You should have plum'd of all his borrow'd honours:
And let him see what abject things they are
Whom Princes often love without desert.

Qu. What has my *Philocles* deserv'd from thee
That thou shouldst use him thus?
Were he the basest of Mankind thou could'st not
Have given him ruder language.

Ast. Did not your Majesty command me,
Did not your self begin?

Qu. I grant I did, but I have right to do it;
I love him and may rail;——in you 'tis malice;
Malice in the most high degree; for never man
Was more deserving than my *Philocles*,
Or, do you love him, ha! and plead that title?
Confess, and I'll forgive you.——
For none can look on him but needs must love.

Ast. I love him, Madam! I beseech your Majesty
Have better thoughts on me.

Qu. Dost thou not love him then!
Good Heav'n, how stupid and how dull is she!
How most invincibly insensible!
No woman does deserve to live
That loves not *Philocles*.——

Ast. Dear Madam, recollect your self; alas
How much distracted are your thoughts, and how
Disjoynted all your words;——
The Sybils leaves more orderly were laid.
Where is that harmony of mind, that prudence
Which guided all you did! that sense of glory,
Which rais'd you, high above the rest of Kings,
As Kings are o're the level of mankind!

Qu. Gone, gone *Asteria*, all is gone,
Or lost within me far from any use.

Sometimes

Sometimes I struggle like the Sun in Clouds,
But straight I am o'r-cast.——
Ast. I grieve to see it——
Qu. Then thou hast yet the goodness
To pardon what I said.——
Alas, I use my self much worse than thee.
Love rages in great souls,
For there his pow'r most opposition finds;
High trees are shook, because they dare the winds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE of the Act, *The Court Gallery.*

Philocles, solus.

Phil. 'Tis true, she banish'd him but for a day;
But Favourites, once declining, sink apace.
Yet Fortune, stop,—this is the likeliest place
To meet *Asteria*, and by her convey,
My humble vows to my offended Queen.

Enter Queen *and* Asteria.

Ha! She comes her self; Unhappy man!
Where shall I hide?—— (*is going out.*)
Qu. Is not that *Philocles*
Who makes such haste away? *Philocles, Philocles*—
[*Philocles coming back.*] I fear'd she saw me.
Qu. How now Sir, am I such a Bugbear
That I scare people from me?
Phil. 'Tis true, I should more carefully have shun'd
The place where you might be; as, when it thunders
Men reverently quit the open Air
Because the angry Gods are then abroad.
Qu. What does he mean, *Asteria!*
I do not understand him.
Ast. Your Majesty forgets you banish'd him

Your

Your presence for this day. —— [*to her softly.*

Qu. Ha! banished him? 'tis true indeed;
But, as thou sayst, I had forgot it quite. —— *to her.*

Ast. That's very strange, scarce halfe an hour ago.

Qu. But Love had drawn his pardon up so soon,
That I forgot he e'r offended me.

Phil. Pardon me, that I could not thank you sooner:
Your sudden grace, like some swift flood pour'd in on narrow banks
O'r-flow'd my spirits.

Qu. No; 'tis for me to ask your pardon *Philocles*,
For the great injury I did you
In my remembring I was angry with you.
But I'l repair my fault,
And rowze my anger up against you yet:

Phil. No, Madam, my forgiveness was your act of grace
And I lay hold of it.

Qu. Princes sometimes may pass,
Acts of Oblivion in their own wrong.

Phil. 'Tis true, but not recal them.

Qu. But, *Philocles*, since I have told you there is one I love,
I will go on; and let you know
What passed this day betwixt us; be our judge
Whether my servant have dealt well with me.

Phil. I beseech your Majesty excuse me:
Any thing more of him may make me
Relapse too soon, and forfeit my late pardon.

Qu. But you'l be glad to know it.

Phil. May I not hope then
You have some quarrel to him?

Qu. Yes, a great one.
But first to justify my self
Know *Philocles*, I have conceal'd my passion
With such care from him, that he knows not yet
I love, but only that I much esteem him.

Phil. O stupid wretch
That by a thousand tokens could not guess it!

Qu. He loves elsewhere, and that has blinded him.

Phil. He's blind indeed!

So

So the dull Beasts in the first Paradise
With levell'd Eyes gaz'd each upon their kinde,
There fix'd their love: and ne'r look'd up to view
That glorious Creature Man, their Sovereign Lord.

Qu. Y'are too severe, on little faults, but he has crimes untold,
Which will, I fear, move you much more against him.
He fell this day into a passion with me,
And boldly contradicted all I said.

Phil. And stands his Head upon his Sholders yet?
How long shall this most insolent——

Qu. Take heed you rail not,
You know you are but on your good behaviour.

Phil. Why then I will not call him Traitor——
But only rude, audacious and impertinent,
To use his Soveraign so.—— I beg your leave
To wish you have at least imprison'd him.

Qu. Some people may speak ill, and yet mean well:
Remember you were not confin'd; and yet
Your fault was great. In short, I love him
And that excuses all; but be not jealous;
His rising shall not be your overthrow,
Nor will I ever marry him.

Phil. That's some comfort yet
He shall not be a King.

Qu. He never shall. But you are discompos'd;
Stay here a little; I have somewhat for you
Shall shew you still are in my favour.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Afteria.

Enter to him Candiope *weeping.*

Phil. How now, in tears, my fair *Candiope?*
So through a watry Cloud
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine.
For what Forefathers sin do you afflict
Those precious Eyes! for sure you have
None of your own to weep.

Cand. My Crimes both great and many needs must show
Since Heav'n will punish them with loosing you.

Phil.

Phil. Afflictions sent from Heav'n without a cause
Make bold Mankind enquire into its Laws.
But Heav'n, which moulding beauty takes such care
Makes gentle fates on purpose for the fair:
And destiny that sees them so divine,
Spinn's all their fortunes in a silken twine:
No mortal hand so ignorant is found
To weave course work upon a precious ground.

Cand. Go preach this doctrine in my Mother's ears.

Phil. Has her severity produc'd these tears:

Cand. She has recall'd those hopes she gave before,
And strictly bids me ne'r to see you more.

Phil. Changes in froward age are Natural;
Who hopes for constant weather in the fall?
'Tis in your pow'r your duty to transfer,
And place that right in me which was in her.

Cand. Reason, like foreign foes, would ne'r o'recome,
But that I find I am betray'd at home.
You have a friend that fights for you within:

Phil Let Reason ever lose, so Love may win.

Enter Queen *and* Asteria.

Queen with a Picture in her hand.

Qu. See there, *Asteria*,
All we have done succeeds still to the worse;
We hindred him from seeing her at home,
Where I but only heard they lov'd; and now
She comes to Court; and mads me with the sight on't.

Ast. Dear Madam, overcome your self a little,
Or they'l perceive how much you are concern'd.

Qu. I struggle with my heart, —— but it will have some vent.
[*To Cand.* Cousin you are a stranger at the Court.

Cand. It was my duty I confess:
To attend oftner on your Majesty.

Qu. Asteria, Mend my Cousins Handkerchief;
It sits too narrow there, and shows too much

The broadness of her Shoulders——Nay fie, *Asteria*,
Now you put it too much backward, and discover
The bigness of her breasts.
Cand. I beseech your Majesty
Give not your self this trouble.
Qu. Sweet Cousin, you shall pardon me;
A beauty such as yours
Deserves a more than ordinary care,
To set it out.
Come hither, *Philocles*, do but observe,
She has but one gross fault in all her shape,
That is, she bears up here too much,
And the malitious Workman has left it open to your Eye.
Phil. Where, and 'please your Majesty, methinks 'tis very well.
Qu. Do not you see it, Oh how blind is love!
Cand. And how quick-sighted malice! [*Aside.*
Qu. But yet methinks, those knots of Sky, do not
So well with the dead colour of her Face.
Ast. Your Majesty mistakes, she wants no red.
The Queen here plucks out her Glass, and looks sometimes on her self, sometimes on her Rival.
Qu. How do I look to day, *Asteria*?
Methinks not well.
Ast. Pardon me, Madam, most victoriously.
Qu. What think you, *Philocles*? come do not flatter.
Phil. *Paris* was a bold man who presum'd
To judge the beauty of a Goddess.
Cand. Your Majesty has given the reason why
He cannot judge; his Love has blinded him.
Qu. Methinks a long patch here beneath her Eye
Might hide that dismal hollowness, what think you *Philocles*?
Cand. Beseech you Madam, aske not his opinion:
What my faults are it is no matter;
He loves me with them all.
Qu. I, he may love, but when he marries you
Your Bridal shall be kept in some dark Dungeon.
Farewel, and think of that, too cruel Maid,

I

I blush thou shar'st my blood. ——— *Exeunt* Queen, Asteria.

Cand. Inhumane Queen!
Thou canst not be more willing to resign
Thy part in me, than I to give up mine:
Phil. Love, how few Subjects do thy Laws fulfil,
And yet those few, like us, thou usest ill!
Cand. The greatest slaves, in Monarchies, are they,
Whom Birth sets neareſt to Imperial sway;
While jealous pow'r does sullenly o'respy,
We play like Deer within the Lions Eye.
Would I for you some Shepherdess had been;
And, but each *May* ne'r heard the name of Queen.
Phil. If you were so, might I some Monarch be,
Then, you should gain what now you loose by me:
Then, you in all my glories should have part,
And rule my Empire, as you rule my heart.
Cand. How much our golden wishes are in vain?
When they are past we are our selves again.

Enter Queen *and* Asteria *above.*

Qu. Look, look *Asteria*, yet they are not gone.
Hence, we may hear what they discourse alone.
Phil. My Love inspires me with a gen'rous thought
Which you unknowing, in those wishes taught,
Since happiness may out of Courts be found
Why stay we here on this enchanted ground:
And choose not rather with content to dwell
(If Love and we can find it) in a Cell?
Cand. Those who, like you, have once in Courts been great,
May think they wish, but wish not to retreat.
They seldom go but when they cannot stay;
As loosing Gamesters throw the Dice away:
Ev'n in that Cell, where you repose would find,
Visions of Court will haunt your restless mind;
And glorous dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you had before.

Phil. He, who with your poſſeſſion once is bleſt,
On eaſie terms may part with all the reſt.
All my Ambition will in you be crown'd;
And thoſe white Arms ſhall all my wiſhes bound.
Our life ſhall be but one long Nuptial day,
And like chaſt Odours melt in ſweets away;
Soft as the Night our Minutes ſhall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

Cand. Thus hope miſl ads it ſelf in pleaſant way;
And takes more joys on truſt than Love can pay!
But Love, with long poſſeſſion, once decay'd,
That face which now you Court, you will upbraid.

Phil. Falſe Lovers broach theſe tenets, to remove
The fault from them by placing it on Love.——

Cand. Yet grant in Youth you keep alive your Fire,
Old age will come, and then it muſt expire:
Youth but a while does at Loves Temple ſtay,
As ſome fair Inn to lodge it on the way.

Phil. Your doubts are kind; but to be ſatify'd,
I can be true, I beg I may be try'd.

Cand. Tryals of love too dear the making coſt;
For if ſucceſsleſs, the whole venture's loſt.
What you propoſe, brings wants and care along.

Phil. Love can bear both. (*Cand.*) But is your Love ſo ſtrong?

Phil. They do not want, who wiſh not to have more;
Who ever ſaid an Anchoret was poor?

Cand. To anſwer generouſly as you have done,
I ſhould not by your arguments be won:
I know I urge your ruine by conſent;
Yet love too well that ruine to prevent.

Phil. Like water giv'n to thoſe whom Feavers fry:
You kill but him, who muſt without it die.

Cand. Secure me I may love without a Crime;
Then, for our flight, appoint both place and time;

Phil. Th' enſuing hour my plighted vows ſhall be:
The time's not long; or onely long to me.

Cand. Then, let us go where we ſhall ne'r be ſeen;

By

By my hard Mother (*Phil.*) Or my cruel Queen. { *Exeunt* Phil. Cand.

Queen above. { O *Philocles* unkind to call me cruel! So falſe *Æneas* did from *Dido* fly;
But never branded her with cruelty.
How I deſpiſe my ſelf for loving ſo!

Aſt. At once you hate your ſelf and love him too.

Qu. No, his ingratitude has cur'd my wound:
A painful cure indeed! [*Aſt.*) And yet not ſound.
His ignorance of your true thoughts
Excuſes this; you did ſeem cruel Madam.

Qu. But much of kindneſs ſtill was mix'd with it.
Who could miſtake ſo groſly not to know
A *Cupid* frowning when he draws his Bow?

Aſt. He's going now to ſmart for his offence.

Qu. Should he without my leave depart from hence?

Aſt. No matter; ſince you hate him, let him go.

Qu. But I my hate by my revenge will ſhow:
Beſides, his head's a forfeit to the State.

Aſt. When you take that I will believe you hate.
Let him poſſeſs, and then he'l ſoon repent:
And ſo his Crime will prove his puniſhment.

Qu. He may repent; but he will firſt poſſeſs.

Aſt. O, Madam, now your hatred you confeſs:
If, his poſſeſſing her your rage does move,
'Tis jealouſie the avarice of love.

Qu. No more. *Aſteria.*
Seek *Lyſimantes* out, bid him ſet his Guards through all the Court and City.
Prevent their marriage firſt; then ſtop their flight.
Some fitting puniſhments I will ordain,
But ſpeak not you of *Philocles* again:
'Tis bold to ſearch, and dangerous to find,
Too much of Heaven's, or of a Princes mind.

[Qu. *deſcends and Exit.*

As the Queen has done speaking, Flavia is going hastily over the Stage; Asteria sees her.

Ast. *Flavia, Flavia,* whither so fast?

Fla. Did you call, *Asteria.*

Ast. The Queen has business with Prince *Lysimantes;* Speak to any Gentleman that's next, to fetch him. *Exit* Asteria

Fla. I suspect somewhat, but I'l watch you close; *from above,* Prince *Lysimantes* has not chose in me, The worst Spy of the Court. ——*Celadon!* what makes he here?

Enter Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; *they walk over the Stage together, he seeming to court them.*

Olind. Nay sweet *Celadon.* ——

Sab. Nay dear *Celadon.*

Fla. O-ho. I see his business now, 'tis with *Melissa's* two Daughters: Look look, how he peeps about to see if the coast be clear, like an Hawk that will not plume if she be look'd on. *Exeunt* Cel. So—at last he has truss'd his quarry. —— Ol. Sab.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Did you see *Celadon* this way?

Fla. If you had not ask'd the question, I should have thought you had come from watching him; he's just gone off with *Melissa's* Daughters.

Flor. *Melissa's* Daughters! he did not Court 'em I hope?

Fla. So busily, he lost no time: while he was teaching the one a tune, he was kissing the others hand.

Flor. O fine Gentleman!

Fla. And they so greedy of him! Did you never see two Fishes about a Bait, tugging it this way and 'tother way; for my part, I look'd at least he should have lost a Leg or Arm i'th' service. —— Nay, never vex your self, but e'n resolve to break with him.

Flor. No no, 'tis not come to that, yet; I'l correct him first, and then hope the best from time.

Fla. From time! Believe me, there's little good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hour-

glass

glass bring any thing but gray hair, thin cheeks, and loss of teeth: you see *Celadon* loves others.

Flor. There's the more hope he may love me among the rest: hang't, I would not marry one of these solemn Fops; they are good for nothing but to make Cuckolds: Give me a servant that is an high Flier at all games; that is bounteous of himself to many women; and yet when ever I pleas'd to throw out the lure of Matrimony, should come down with a swing, and fly the better at his own quarry.

Flav. But are you sure you can take him down when you think good?

Flor. Nothing more certain.

Flav. What wager will you venture upon the Trial?

Flor. Any thing.

Flav. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flor. That's a good one, who shall take the forfeit?

Flav. I'l go and write a Letter as from these two Sisters, to summon him immediately; it shall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you see a strange combat betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit: if he leaves you to go to them, you'l grant he loves them better?

Flor. Not a jot the more: a Bee may pick of many Flowers, and yet like some one better than all the rest.

Flav. But then your Bee must not leave his sting behind him.

Flor. Well; make the experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole noise of Fidlers at his heels. Hey-day, what a mad Husband shall I have?——

Enter Celadon.

Flav. And what a mad wife will he have? Well, I must go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: you'l keep him in discourse the while? *Exit* Fla.

Cel. Where are you, Madam? what do you mean to run away thus? pray stand to't, that we may dispatch this business.

Flor. I think you mean to watch me as they do Witches, to make me confess I love you. Lord, what a bustle have you kept this afternoon? what with eating, singing and dancing, I am so wearied, that I shall not be in case to hear of any more love this fortnight.

Cel. Nay, if you surfeit on't before Tryal, Lord have mercy upon you when I have married you.

Flor.

Flor. But what Kings Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant expence?

Cel. I have a damnable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it e'r he dies!

Flor. As long as ever he can, I'l pass my word for him.

Cel. I think then we had best consider him as an obstinate old fellow that is deaf to the news of a better world, and ne'r stay for him.

Flor. But e'n marry, and get him Grandchildren in abundance, and great Grandchildren upon them, and so inch him and shove him out of the world by the very force of new Generations:—if that be the way you must excuse me.

Cel. But dost thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

Flor. No, nor hope I shan't these twenty years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the first place thou wilt be condemned to tell stories, how many men thou mightest have had; and none believe thee: Then thou groweſt froward, and impudently wearieſt all thy Friends to sollicite Man for thee.

Flor. Away with your old Common place-wit: I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle, and the reputation of five and twenty.

Cel. Well, what think you now of a reckoning betwixt us?

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel. To discount for so many days of my years service, as I have paid in since morning.

Flor. With all my heart.

Cel. Imprimis, For a Treat:

Item, For my Glass Coach:

Item, For sitting bare and wagging your Fan:

And lastly, and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long hour and half.

Flor. For this I bate you three weeks of your Service; now hear your Bill of Faults, (for your comfort 'tis a short one.

Cel. I know it.

Flor. Imprimis, Item, and Sum total, for keeping company with *Melisſa*'s Daughters.

Cel. How the Fox came you to know of that: Gad I believe the Devil plays booty against himself, and tels you of my sins. [*Kisses.*

Flor.

Flor. The offence being so small the punishment shall be but proportionable, I will set you back onely half a year.

Cel. You're most unconscionable: why then do you think we shall come together? there's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What do you take me for some Cousin of *Methusalem*'s, that I must stay an hundred years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

Flor. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me without ever offering to excuse himself; *Item*, a fortnight more for that.

Cel. So there's another puff in my voyage has blown me back to the North of *Scotland*.

Flor. All this is nothing to your excuse for the two Sisters.

Cel. 'Faith if ever I did more than kiss 'em, and that but once,—

Flor. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou shalt know dear Rogue, at time convenient.

Flor. You talk, you talk; Could you kiss 'em, though but once, and ne'r think of me?

Cel. Nay if I had thought of thee, I had kiss'd 'em over a thousand times, with the very force of imagination.

Flor. The Gallants are mightily beholding to you, you have found 'em out a new way to kiss their Mistresses, upon other womens lips.

Cel. What would you have? You are my Sultana Queen, the rest are but in the nature of your Slaves; I may make some slight excursion into the Enemies Countrey for forage or so, but I ever return to my head quarters.

Enter one with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Mess. If your name be *Celadon*. [Celad. *reads softly.*

Flor. He's swallowing the Pill; presently we shall see the operation.

[Cel. *to the Page.*] Child, come hither Child; here's money for thee: So, be gone quickly good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child. — [*Thrusts him out.* Very good, the Sisters send me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to sup there! — Now cannot I forbear and I should be damn'd, though I have scap'd a scouring so lately for it.

it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both 'em together;—there's the Riddle on't: but only for the ſweet ſake of variety.—— (*aſide.*
Well, we muſt all ſin, and we muſt all repent, and there's an end on't.

Flor. What is it that makes you fidge up and down ſo?

Cel. 'Faith I am ſent for by a very dear friend, and 'tis upon a buſineſs of life and death.

Flor. On my life ſome woman?

Cel. On my honour ſome man; Do you think I would lie to you?

Flor. But you engag'd to ſup with me!

Cel. But I conſider it may be ſcandalous to ſtay late in your Lodgings.
Adieu dear Miſs if ever I am falſe to thee again. (*Exit* Cel.

Flor. See what conſtant metal you men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earneſt. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em: and yet methinks I can't endure he ſhould neither. Lord, that ſuch a Mad-cap as I ſhould ever live to be jealous!
I muſt after him.
Some Ladies would diſcard him now, but I
A fitter way for my revenge will find,
I'll marry him, and ſerve him in his kind. (*Exit* Florimel.

Act IV.

SCENE *The Walks.*

Meliſſa, *after her* Olinda *and* Sabina.

Meliſſa, I Muſt take this buſineſs up in time: this wild fellow begins to haunt my houſe again. Well, I'l be bold to ſay it, 'tis as eaſie to bring up a young Lyon, without miſchief, as a Maidenhead of Fifteen, to make it tame for an Husbands bed. Not but that the young man is handſome, rich and young, and I could be content he ſhould marry one of 'em but to ſeduce 'em both in this manner.——Well, I'l examine 'em apart, and if I can find out which

which he loves, I'l offer him his choice. ——— *Olinda.* Come hither Child. ——

Olin. Your pleaſure, Madam?

Mel. Nothing but for your good *Olinda*, what think you of *Celadon*?

Olin. Why I think he's a very mad fellow; but yet I have ſome obligements to him: he teaches me new Ayrs of the Guitarre, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But tell me in earneſt do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can you doubt it? There were never two ſo cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats and Muſick. In ſhort, we are each others counterpart.

Mel. But does he love you ſeriouſly?

Olin. Seriouſly! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I ſhould not love him: but we ſit and talk, and wrangle, and are friends; when we are together we never hold our tongues; and then we have always a noiſe of Fiddles at our heels, he hunts me merrily as the Hound does the Hare; and either this is Love, or I know it not.

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me.

——— Olinda *goes behind.*

This is a Riddle paſt my finding out: whether he loves her or no is the queſtion; but this I am ſure of, ſhe loves him: ——O my little Favourite, I muſt ask you a queſtion concerning *Celadon*: Is he in love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at leaſt if a mans word may be taken for it.

Mel. But what expreſſions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the man has done his part: he has ſpoken civilly to me, and I was not ſo young but I underſtood him.

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have ſworn never to marry; beſides, he's a wild young man; yet to obey you Mother, I would be content to be ſacrific'd.

Mel. No, no, we would but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not I am reſolv'd to die a Maid, that's once, Mother. ———

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of 'em.

Olin. Mother, mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the Walks.

Mel. Peace wanton; you had best ring the Bells for joy. Well, I'l not meet him, because I know not which to offer him, yet he seems to like the youngest best: I'l give him opportunity with her, *Olinda*, do you make haste after me.

Olin. This is something hard though. [*Exit* Mel.

Enter Celadon.

Cel. You see Ladies the least breath of yours brings me to you: I have been seeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Twas well you found us.

Cel. Found you! half this brightness betwixt you two was enough to have lighted me; I could never miss my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has beauty enough for one family; such a voice, such a wit, so noble a stature, so white a skin.

Olin. I thought he would be particular at last. [*aside.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, so sweet an innocence,
Such a Rose-bud newly blown.
This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little withdrawing Room. A word, Madam. [*To Sab.*

Olin. I like not this—— (*aside.*) Sir, if you are not too busie with my Sister, I would speak with you.

Cel. I come, Madam.——

Sab. Time enough, Sir; pray finish you Discourse.—— and as you were a saying, Sir,——

Olin. Sweet Sir.——

Sab. Sister, you forget, my Mother bid you make haste.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming.——

Sab. I can never endure to be the messenger of ill news; but if you please. I'l send her word you won't come.——

Olin. Minion, Minion, remember this.—— *Exit* Olinda.

Sab. She's horribly in love with you.

Cel. Lord, who could love that walking Steeple: She's so high that every time she sings to me, I am looking up for the Bell that tolls to Church.—— Ha! Give me my little Fifth-rate that lies so snug.—— She, hang her, a Dutch built bottom: she's so tall, there's no boarding her. But we lose time—— Madam, let me seal my love upon your mouth. (*kiss.*
Soft and sweet by Heaven! sure you wear Rose-leaves between your lips. *Sab.*

Sab. Lord, Lord, What's the matter with me? my breath grows so short I can scarce speak to you.

Cel. No matter, give me thy lips again and I'll speak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me.——

Cel. I warrant thee, sit down by me and kiss again. *Aside.* She warms faster than *Pygmalion's* Image——— (*kiss.*) —— I marry sir, this was the original use of lips; talking, eating, and drinking came in by th' by.——

Sab. Nay pray be civil; will you be at quiet?

Cel. What would you have me sit still and look upon you like a little Puppy-dog that's taught to beg with his fore-leg up?

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Celadon the faithful! in good time Sir.——

Cel. In very good time *Florimel*; for Heavens sake help me quickly.

Flor. What's the matter?

Cel. Do you not see! here's a poor Gentlewoman in a swoon! (swoon away!) I have been rubbing her this half hour, and cannot bring her to her senses.

Flor. Alas, how came she so?

Cel. Oh barbarous! do you stay to ask questions, run for charity.

Flor. Help, help, alas poor Lady.—— (*Exit* Flor.

Sab. Is she gone?

Cel. I, thanks be to my wit that helpt me at a pinch; I thank Heaven, I never pumpt for a lye in all my life yet.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon*!

Cel. Onely as a civil acquaintance or so, but however to avoid slander you had best be gone before she comes again.

Sab. I can find a tongue as well as she——

Cel. I, but the truth is, I am a kind of scandalous person, and for you to be seen in my company——Stay in the walks, by this kiss I'll be with you presently——*Exit* Sab.

Enter Florimel *running.*

Flor. Help, help, I can find no body.

Cel. 'Tis needless now my dear, she's recover'd, and gone off, but so wan and weakly.——

Flor.

Flor. Umh! I begin to ſmell a Rat, what was your buſineſs here, *Celadon?*

Cel. Charity, Chriſtian Charity; you ſaw I was labouring for life with her.

Flor. But how came you hither; not that I care this,—but onely to be ſatisfied——— *Sings.*———

Cel. You are jealous in my Conſcience.

Flor. Who I jealous! Then I wiſh this ſigh may be the laſt that ever I may draw.——— [*Sighs.*

Cel. But why do you ſigh then?

Flor. Nothing but a cold, I cannot fetch my breath well.——— But what will you ſay if I wrote the Letter you had, to try your faith?

Cel. Hey day! This is juſt the Devil and the Sinner; you lay ſnares for me, and then puniſh me for being taken; here's trying a man's Faith indeed: What do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a man,—— 'gad I love upon the ſquare, I can endure no tricks to be uſed to me.

Olinda *and* Sabina *at the door peeping.*

Olin. Sab. Celadon, Celadon!

Flor. What voices are thoſe?

Cel. Some Camerades of mine that call me to play;——— Pox on 'em they'l ſpoil all —— *aſide.*

Flor. Pray let's ſee 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em Tatterdemallions, they are not worth your ſight; pray Gentlemen be gone I'l be with you immediately.

Sab. No, we'l ſtay here for you.

Flor. Do your Gentlemen ſpeak with treble voices? I am reſolv'd to ſee what company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear.———

He lays hold of her to pull her back; ſhe lays hold of Olinda, *by whom* Sabina *holds; ſo that he pulling they all come in.*

Flor. Are theſe your Camerades?

[*Sings.*] 'Tis *Strephon* calls what would my love?
Why do not you roar out like a great Baſs-vyal, Come follow to the *Myrtle-grove.* Pray Sir, which of theſe fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the courteſie, for it were unconſcionable to leave you to 'em both; what, a man's but a man you know.

Olin. The Gentleman may find an owner. *Sab.*

Sab. Though not of you.

Flor. Pray agree whose the loſt ſheep is, and take him.

Cel. 'Slife the'l cry me anon, and tell my marks.

Flor. Troth I pity your Highneſs there, I perceive he has left you for the little one: Methinks he ſhould have been afraid to break his neck when he fell ſo high as from you to her.

Sab. Well my drolling Lady I may be even with you.——

Flor. Not this ten years by the growth, yet.

Sab. Can fleſh and blood endure this!

Flor. How now, my *Amazon in decimo ſexto*!

Olin. Do you affront my Siſter!——

Flor. I, but thou art ſo tall, I think I ſhall never affront thee.—

Sab. Come away Siſter, we ſhall be jeer'd to Death elſe.

(*Exeunt* Olin. Sab.

Flor. Why do you look that way, you can't forbear leering after the forbidden fruit.——But when e'r I take a Wenchers word again!——

Cel. A Wenchers word, why ſhould you ſpeak ſo contemptibly of the better half of Mankind! I'l ſtand up for the honour of my Vocation.

Flor. You are in no fault I warrant;—'ware my Buſk —

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the lie, I am in fault; — but otherwiſe.—Come let us be friends, and let me wait on you to your Lodgings.

Flor. This impudence ſhall not ſave you from my Table-Book. *Item.* A Month more for this fault.—— (*They walk to the door.*

1. *Soldier within.* Stand.

2. *Souldier.* Stand, give the word.

Cel. Now, what's the meaning of this trow, guards ſet.

1. *Souldier.* Give the word, or you cannot paſs; theſe are they brother; let's in and ſeize 'em.

The two Souldiers enter——

1. *Sould.*——Down with him.

2. *Sould.* Diſarm him.

Cel. How now Raſcals:—— *Draws and beats one off, and catches the other.*

Cel. Ask your life you Villain.

2 *Sould.* Quarter, quarter,

Cel.

Cel. Was ever such an Insolence?

Sould. We did but our duty; here we were set, to take a Gentleman and Lady, that would steal a marriage without the Queens consent, and we thought you had been they. [*Exit Sould.*

Flor. Your Cousin *Philocles* and the Princess *Candiope* on my life! for I heard the Queen give private Orders to *Lysimantes*, and name them twice or thrice.

Cel. I know a score or two of Madcaps here hard by, whom I can pick up from Taverns and Gaming-houses, and Bordels; those I'l bring to aid him: Now *Florimel*, there's an argument for wenching where would you have had so many honest men together upon the sudden for a brave employment?

Flor. You leave me then to take my fortune?

Cel. No; if you will, I'l have you into the places aforesaid, and enter you into good company.

Flor. I thank you Sir, here's a key will let me through this back-door to my own Lodgings.

Cel. If I come off with life, I'l see you this evening, if not——Adieu *Florimel*.——

Flor. If you come not I shall conclude you are kill'd, or taken, to be hang'd for a Rebel to morrow morning——and then I'l honour your memory with a Lampoon instead of an Epitaph.

Cel. No no, I trust better in my Fate: I know I am reserv'd to do you a Courtesie. [*Exit* Celadon.

As Florimel *is unlocking the door to go out*, Flavia *opens it against her, and enters to her, followed by a Page.*

Flav. *Florimel*, do you hear the news?

Flor. I guess they are in pursuit of *Philocles*.

Flav. When *Lysimantes* came with the Queens Orders,
He refused to render up *Candiope*,
And with some few brave friends he had about him——
Is forcing of his way through all the Guards.

Flor. A gallant fellow, I'l in, will you with me.
Hark, the noise comes this way!

Flav. I have a message from the Queen to *Lysimantes*.

I hope I may be ſafe among the Soldiers.

Flor. Oh very ſafe, perhaps ſome honeſt fellow in the tumult may take pity of thy Maidenhead, or ſo——Adiew.

Page 1. The noiſe comes nearer, Madam. [*Exit* Florimel.

Flav. I am glad on't: this meſſage gives me the opportunity of ſpeaking privately with *Lyſimantes*.

Enter Philocles *and* Candiope, *with three friends; purſued by* Lyſimantes *and Souldiers.*

Lyſ. What is it renders you thus obſtinate? you have no hope of flight, and to reſiſt is full as vain.

Phil. I'l die rather than yield her up.

Flav. My Lord! (*Lyſ.*) How now, ſome new meſſage from the Queen?

To Sould.) Retire a while to a convenient diſtance.

Lyſ. *and* Flav. *whiſper.*

Lyſ. O *Flavia* 'tis impoſſible! the Queen in love with *Philocles*!

Flav. I have ſuſpected it before; but now,
My ears and eyes are witneſſes, ——
This hour I over-heard her to *Aſteria*,
Making ſuch ſad complaints of her hard fate!
For my part I believe you lead him back
But to his Coronation. ——

Lyſ. Hell take him firſt.

Flav. Preſently after this ſhe call'd for me,
And bid me run, and with ſtrict care command you
On peril of your life he had no harm:
But, Sir, ſhe ſpoke it with ſo great concernment,
Me thought I ſaw love, anger, and deſpair
All combating at once upon her face.

Lyſ. Tell the Queen—I know not what, I am diſtracted ſo;—
But go and leave me to my thoughts.—— (*Exit* Flavia.
Was ever ſuch amazing news
Told in ſo ſtrange and critical a moment!
What ſhall I do!
Does ſhe love *Philocles*, who loves not her;
And loves not *Lyſimantes* who prefers her
Above his life! what reſts but that I take
This opportunity, which her ſelf

H's given me, to kill this happy Rival!
Assist me Souldiers.

Phil. They shall buy me dearly.

Cand. Ah me, unhappy Maid!

Enter Celadon *with his Friends, unbutton'd and reeling.*

Cel. Courage my noble Cousin, I have brought
A band of Blades, the bravest youths of *Syracuse:*
Some drunk, some sober, all resolv'd to run
Your fortune to the utmost. Fall on mad Boys ———

Lys. Hold a little; ———
I'm not secure of victory against these desperate Ruffins.

Cel. No, but I'secure you; they shall cut your throat for such another word of 'em. Ruffins quoth a! call Gamesters, Whoremasters, and Drunkards, Ruffins!

Lys. Pray Gentlemen fall back a little ——

Cel. Oho, are they Gentlemen now with you!
Speak first to your Gentlemen Souldiers to retire; and then
I'l speak to my Gentlemen Ruffins.
[Cel. *Signs to his party*] There's your disciplin'd men now. ———
They sing and the Souldiers retire on both sides.
Come Gentlemen, let's lose no time; while they are talking, let's
have one merry mayn before we dye ——for Mortality sake.

1. Agreed, here's my Cloak for a Table.

2. And my Hat for a Box. ——— [*They lie down and throw.*

Lys. Suppose I kil'd him!
'Twould but exasperate the Queen the more:
He loves not her, nor knows he she loves him:
A suddain thought is come into my head ——
So to contrive it, that this *Philocles*,
And these his friends shall bring to pass that for me
Which I could never compass. —True I strain
A point of honour; but then her usage to me, it shall be so ——
Pray, *Philocles*, command your Souldiers off;
As I will mine: I've somewhat to propose
Which you perhaps may like.

Cand. I will not leave him.

Lys. —'Tis my desire you should not.

Phil. —Couſin, lead off your friends.

Cel. ——One word in your ear Couz. Let me adviſe you, either make your own conditions, or never agree with him: his men are poor ſober Rogues, they can never ſtand before us.

Exeunt omnes præter Lyſ. Phil. Can.

Lyſ. Suppoſe ſome friend i'th night,
Should bring you to poſſeſs all you deſire;
And not ſo only, but ſecure for ever
The Nations happineſs——

Phil. I would think of him
As ſome God or Angel.

Lyſ. That God or Angel you and I may be to one another,
We have betwixt us
An hundred men; the Citadel you govern:
What were it now to ſeize the Queen!

Phil. O impiety! to ſeize the Queen!
To ſeize her, ſaid you?

Lyſ. The word might be too rough, I meant ſecure her.

Phil. Was this your propoſition;
And had you none to make it to but to me?

Lyſ. Pray hear me out e'r you condemn me!
I would not the leaſt violence were offer'd
Her perſon; too ſmall grants is all I ask,
To make me happy in her ſelf, and you
In your *Candiope.*

Cand. And will not you do this, my *Philocles?*
Nay now my Brother ſpeaks but reaſon.

Phil. Int'reſt makes all ſeem reaſon that leads to it.
Int'reſt that does the zeal of Sects create,
To purge a Church, and to reform a State.

Lyſ. In ſhort, the Queen hath ſent to part you two;
What more ſhe means to her I know not.

Phil. To her! alas! why will not you protect her?

Lyſ. With you I can; but where's my power alone?

Cand. You know ſhe loves me not; you lately heard her
How ſhe inſulted over me: how ſhe
Deſpis'd that Beauty which you ſay I have;
I ſee ſhe purpoſes my death.

Phil. Why do you fright me with it?
'Tis in your Brothers pow'r to let us 'scape,
And then you run no danger.

Lyſ. True, I may;
But then my head muſt pay the forfeit of it.

Phil. O wretched *Philocles*, whither would love
Hurry thee headlong!

Lyſ. Ceaſe theſe acclamations.
There's no danger on your ſide; tis but to
Live without my Siſter, reſolve that
And you have ſhot the Gulf.

Phil. To live without her! is that nothing, think you?
The damn'd in Hell, endure no greater pain
Than ſeeing Heaven from far with hopeleſs eyes.

Cand. *Candiope* muſt die, and die for you;
See it not unreveng'd at leaſt.

Phil. Ha! unreveng'd! on whom ſhould I revenge it?
But yet ſhe dies, and I may hinder it,
'Tis I then murder my *Candiope*:
And yet ſhould I take arms againſt my Queen!
That favour'd me, rais'd me to what am!
Alas it muſt not be.

Lyſ. He cools again.——(*aſide.*) True; ſhe once favour'd you
But now I am inform'd,
She is beſotted on an upſtart wretch;
So far, that ſhe intends to make him Maſter,
Both of her Crown and perſon.

Phil. Knows he that!
Then, what I dreaded moſt is come to paſs.—— (*aſide.*
I am convinc'd of the neceſſity;
Let us make haſte to raze
That action from the Annals of her Reign:
No motive but her glory could have wrought me.
I am a Traytor to her to preſerve her
From Treaſon to her ſelf; and yet Heav'n knows
With what a heavy heart
Philocles turns reformer: but have care
This fault of her ſtrange paſſion take no air.

Let not the vulgar blow upon her fame.

Lyſ. I will be careful, ſhall we go my Lord:

Phil. Time waſts apace; Each firſt prepare his men.
Come my *Candiope.*——— *Exeunt* Phil. Cand.

Lyſ. This ruines him for ever with the Queen;
The odium's half his, the profit all my own.
Thoſe who, like me, by others help would climb,
To make 'em ſure, muſt dip 'em in their crime. *Exit Lyſ.*

SCENE II. *The Queens Appartments.*

Enter Queen and Aſteria.

Qu. No more news yet from *Philocles?*

Aſt. None, Madam, ſince *Flavia*'s return!

Qu. O my *Aſteria*, if you lov'd me, ſure
You would ſay ſomething to me of my *Philocles?*
I could ſpeak ever of him.

Aſt. Madam, you commanded me no more to name him to you.

Qu. Then I command you now ſpeak of nothing elſe:
I charge you here, on your allegiance, tell me
What I ſhould do with him.

Aſt. When you gave orders that he ſhould be taken:
You ſeem'd reſolv'd how to diſpoſe of him.

Qu. Dull *Aſteria* not to know,
Mad people never think the ſame thing twice.
Alas! I'm hurried reſtleſs up and down,
I was in anger once, and then I thought
I had put into ſhore!
But now a guſt of love blows hard againſt me,
And bears me off again.

Aſt. Shall I ſing the Song you made of *Philocles*,
And call'd it *Secret-love.*

Qu. Do, for that's all kindneſs: and while thou ſing'ſt it,
I can think nothing but what pleaſes me.

Song.

Song.

I Feed a flame within which ſo torments me
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:
'Tis ſuch a pleaſing ſmart, and I ſo love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve ſhall never know it,
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes ſhow it,
Not a ſigh nor a tear my pain diſcloſes,
But they fall ſilently like dew on Roſes.

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the ſacrifice as 'tis the fuel:
And while I ſuffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my love, no frown can fright me:
To be more happy I dare not aſpire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Qu. Peace: Methinks I hear the noiſe
Of claſhing Swords and clatt'ring Arms below.

Enter Flavia.

Now; what news that you preſs in ſo rudely?

Fla. Madam, the worſt that can be;
Your Guards upon the ſuddain are ſurpriz'd,
Diſarm'd, ſome ſlain, all ſcatter'd.

Qu.

Qu. By whom?
Flav. Prince *Lyſimantes*, and Lord *Philocles*.
Qu. It cannot be; *Philocles* is a Priſoner.
Flav. What my eyes ſaw———
Qu. Pull 'em out, they are falſe Spectacles.
Aſt. O vertue, impotent and blind as Fortune!
Who would be good, or pious, if this Queen
Thy great example ſuffers!
Qu. Peace, *Aſteria*, accuſe not vertue;
She has but given me a great occaſion
Of ſhowing what I am when Fortune leaves me.
Aſt. Philocles, to do this!
Qu. I, *Philocles*, I muſt confeſs 'twas hard!
But there's a fate in kindneſs
Still, to be leaſt return'd where moſt 'tis given.
Where's *Candiope*?
Flav. Philocles was whiſpering to her.
Qu. Hence Screech-owl; call my Guards quickly there:
Put 'em apart in ſeveral Priſons.
Alas! I had forgot I have no Guards,
But thoſe which are my Jaylers,
Never till now unhappy Queen:
The uſe of pow'r, till loſt, is ſeldom known;
Now I ſhould ſtrike, I find my thunder gone.
Exit Queen *and* Flavia.

Philocles *enters, and meets* Aſteria *going out.*

Phil. Aſteria! Where's the Queen?
Aſt. Ah my Lord what have you done!
I came to ſeek you.
Phil. Is it from her you come?
Aſt. No, but on her behalf: her heart's too great,
In this low ebb of Fortune, to intreat.
Phil. 'Tis but a ſhort Eccliplſe,
Which paſt, a glorious day will ſoon enſue:
But I would aska favour, too from you.
Aſt. When Conquerours petition, they command:
Thoſe that can Captive Queens, who can withſtand?

Phil.

Phil. She, with her happineſs, might mine create;
Yet ſeems indulgent to her own ill fate:
But ſhe, in ſecret, hates me ſure; for why
If not, ſhould ſhe *Candiope* deny?

Aſt. If you dare truſt my knowledge of her mind,
She has no thoughts of you that are unkind.

Phil. I could my ſorrows with ſome patience bear,
Did they proceed from any one but her:
But from the Queen! whoſe perſon I adore,
By Duty much, by inclination more.

Aſt. He is inclin'd already, did he know
That ſhe lov'd him, how would this paſſion grow! (*aſide.*

Phil. That her fair hand with Deſtiny combines
Fate ne're ſtrikes deep, but when unkindneſs joyns!
For, to confeſs the ſecret of my mind,
Something ſo tender for the Queen I find,
That ev'n *Candiope* can ſcarce remove,
And, were ſhe lower, I ſhould call it love.

Aſt. She charg'd me not this ſecret to betray,
But I beſt ſerve her if I diſobey.
For, if he loves, 'twas for her int'reſt done;
If not, he'l keep it ſecret for his own. (*aſide.*

Phil. Why are you in obliging me ſo ſlow?

Aſt. The things of great importance you would know;
And you muſt firſt ſwear ſecreſie to all.

Phil. I ſwear: (*Aſt.*) Yet hold; your oath's too general:
Swear that *Candiope* ſhall never know.

Phil. I ſwear: (*Aſt.*) No not the Queen her ſelf: (*Phil.*) I vow.

Aſt. You wonder why I am ſo cautious grown
In telling what concerns your ſelf alone:
But ſpare my Vow, and gueſs what it may be
That makes the Queen deny *Candiope*:
'Tis neither hate nor pride that moves her mind;
Methinks the Riddle is not hard to find.

Phil. You ſeem ſo great a wonder to intend,
As were, in me, a crime to apprehend.

Aſt. 'Tis not a crime to know; but would be one
To prove ungrateful when your Duty's known.

Phil. Why would you thus my easie faith abuse?
I cannot think the Queen so ill would chuse,
But stay, now your imposture will appear;
She has her self confess'd she lov'd elsewhere:
On some ignoble choice has plac'd her heart,
One who wants quality, and more, desert.

Ast. This though unjust, you have most right to say,
For, if you'l rail against your self, you may.

Phil. Dull that I was!
A thousand things now crowd my memory
That make me know it could be none but I,
Her Rage was Love; and its tempestuous flame,
Like Lightning, show'd the Heaven from whence it came.
But in her kindness my own shame I see;
Have I dethron'd her then, for loving me?
I hate my self for that which I have done,
Much more, discover'd, than I did unknown.
How does she brook her strange imprisonment?

Ast. As great souls should, that make their own content.
The hardest term she for your act could find
Was onely this, O *Philocles*, unkind!
Then, setting free a sigh, from her fair eyes
She wip'd two pearls, the remnant of wild show'rs,
Which hung like drops upon the bells of flow'rs:
And thank'd the Heav'ns,
Which better did, what she design'd, pursue,
Without her crime to give her pow'r to you.

Phil. Hold, hold, you set my thoughts so near a Crown,
They mount above my reach to pull them down:
Here Constancy; Ambition there does move;
On each side Beauty, and on both sides Love.

Ast. Methinks the least you can is to retrive
This love with reverence and your former leave,

Phil. Think but what difficulties come between!

Ast. 'Tis wond'rous difficult to love a Queen.

Phil. For pity cease more reasons to provide,
I am but too much yielding to your side;
And, were my heart but at my own dispose,

I should not make a scruple to choose.

Ast. Then if the Queen will my advice approve,
Her hatred to you shall expel her love.

Phil. Not to be lov'd by her, as hard would be
As to be hated by *Candiope*.

Ast. I leave you to resolve while you have time;
You must be guilty, but may choose your crime.

Exit Asteria.

Phil One thing I have resolv'd; and that I'll do
Both for my love, and for my honour too.
But then, (Ingratitude and falshood weigh'd,)
I know not which would most my soul upbraid.
Fate shoves me headlong down a rugged way,
Unsafe to run, and yet too steep to stay. *Exit* Phil.

Act V.

SCENE *The Court.*

Florimel *in Man's Habit.*

'TWill be rare now if I can go through with it; to out-do this mad *Celadon* in all his tricks, and get both his Mistresses from him; then I shall revenge my self upon all three, and save my own stake into the bargain, for I find I do love the Rogue in spight of all his infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they must come.—if cloathes and a *bon-mien* will take 'em, I shall do't.—Save you *Monsieur Florimel*; Faith methinks you are a very *jaunty* fellow *poudré & ajusté* as well as the best of 'em. I can manage the little Comb,—set my Hat, shake my Garniture, toss about my empty Noddle, walk with a courant flurt, and at every step peek down my Head:——if I should be mistaken for some Courtier now, pray where's the difference?

Enter to her, Celadon, Olinda, Sabina,

Olin. Never mince the matter!

Sab. You have left your heart behind with *Florimel*, we know it.

Cel. You know you wrong me, when I am with *Florimel* 'tis still your Prisoner, it onely draws a longer chain after it.

Flor. Is it e'n so? then farewel poor *Florimel*, thy Maidenhead is condemn'd to die with thee.

Cel. But let's leave the discourse; 'tis all digression that does not speak of your beauties.

Flor. Now for me in the name of impudence! [*walks with them.* They are the greatest beauties I confess that ever I beheld.

Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this young fellow?

Flor. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman who has the honour to be known to you should admire you, since I that am a stranger.

Cel. And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir.

Flor. Am so extreamly surpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded and am dying all in a moment.

Cel. I have seen him somewhere, but where I know not: prithee my friend leave us, dost thou think we do not know our way in Court?

Flor. I pretend not to instruct you in your way; you see I do not go before you! but you cannot possibly deny me the happiness to wait upon these Ladies;

Cel. There, who shalt be beaten most unmercifully if thou dost follow them!

Flor. You will not draw in Court, I hope?

Cel. Pox on him, let's walk away faster, and be rid of him.

Flor. Or take no care for me, Sir, you shall not lose me, I'l rather mend my pace, than not wait on you.

Oli. I begin to like this fellow.

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I shall find a time to tell you so, Sir.

Flor. When you find a time to tell me on't, I shall find a time to answer you. But pray what do you find in your self so extraordinary, that you should serve these Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value your self upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am somewhat more a man than you.

Flor. That is, you are so much older than I. Do you like a man ever the better for his age, Ladies?

Sab. Well said, young Gentleman.

Cel. Pish, thee! a young raw Creature, thou hast ne'r been under the Barbers hands yet.

Flor. No, nor under the Surgeons neither as you have been.

Cel. 'Slife what wouldst thou be at, I am madder than thou art?

Flor. The Devil you are; I'l Tope with you, I'l Sing with you, I'l Dance with you, ——— I'l Swagger with you.

Cel. I'l fight with you.

Flor. Out upon fighting; 'tis grown so common a fashion, that a Modish Man contemns it; A man of Garniture and Feather is above the dispensation of the Sword.

Olin. Uds my life, here's the Queens Musick just going to us; you shall decide your quarrel by a Dance.

Sab. Who stops the Fiddles?

Cel. Base and Trebble, by your leaves, we arrest you at these Ladies suits.

Flor. Come on Sirs, play me a Jigg, You shall see how I'l baffle him.

Dance.

Flor. Your judgement, Ladies.

Olin. You sir, you sir, This is the rarest Gentleman: I could live and die with him. ———

Sab. Lord how he Sweats! please you Sir to make use of my Handkerchief?

Olin. You and I are merry, and just of an humour Sir, therefore we two should love one another.

Sab. And you and I are just of an age Sir, and therefore methinks we should not hate one another.

Cel. Then I perceive Ladies I am a Castaway, a Reprobate with you: why faith this is hard luck now, that I should be no less than one whole hour in getting your affections, and now must loose 'em in a quarter of it.

Olin. No matter, let him rail, does the loss afflict you Sir?

Cel. No in faith does it not, for if you had not forsaken me, I had you: so the Willows may flourish for any branches I shall rob 'em of.

Sab. However we have the advantage to have left you; not you us.——

Cel. That's onely a certain nimbeneſs in Nature you Women have to be firſt unconſtant: but if you had not made the more haſte, the wind was veering too upon my Weathercock: the beſt on't is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

Flor. 'Tis like ſhe'l accept of their leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and ſhe ſhall accept on't; I think I know more than you of her mind, Sir.

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. Daughters there's a poor collation within that waits for you.

Flor. Will you walk muſty Sir?

Cel. No marry Sir; I won'not; I have ſurfeited of that old womans face already.

Flor. Begin ſome frolick then; what will you do for her?

Cel. Faith I am no dog to ſhow tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flor. Dare you kiſs her?

Cel. I was never dar'd by any man.—by your leave old Madam.—

[*He plucks off her Ruff.*

Mel. Help, help, do you diſcover my nakedneſs?

Cel. Peace Tiffany! no harm. [*He puts on the Ruff*——

Now Sir here's *Florimels* health to you.—— [*kiſſes her.*

Mel. Away Sir:——a ſweet young man as you are to abuſe the gift of Nature ſo.

Cel. Good Mother do not commend me ſo; I am fleſh and blood and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend perſon of yours.——Come on, follow your leader.

[*Gives* Florimel *the Ruff, ſhe puts it on.*

Flor. Stand fair Mother.——

Cel. What with your Hat on? lie thou there;—and thou too,—

{*Plucks off her Hat and Perruke,*
{*and diſcovers* Florimel.

Omnes. Florimel!

Flor. My kind Miſtreſſes, how ſorry I am I can do you no further ſervice! I think I had beſt reſign you to *Celadon* to make amends for me.

Cel.

Cel. Lord what a misfortune it was Ladies, that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you.

Olin. We have loſt *Celadon* too.

Mel. Come away; this is p. ſt enduring. [*Exeunt* Mel. Olin.

Sub. Well if ever I believe a man to be a man for the ſake of a Perrucke and Feather again.——

Flor. Come *Celadon*, ſhall we make accounts even? Lord what a hanging look was there: indeed if you had been recreant to your Miſtreſs, or had forſworn your love, that ſinners face had been but decent, but for the vertuous, the innocent, the conſtant *Celadon*!

Cel. This is not very heroick in you now to inſult over a man in his misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Miſtreſſes; I ſhall grow deſperately conſtant, and all the tempeſt of my love will fall upon your head: I ſhall ſo pay you.——

Flor. Who you, pay me! you are a banckrupt, caſt beyond all poſſibility of recovery.

Cel. If I am a bankrupt I'l be a very honeſt one; when I cannot pay my debts, at leaſt I'l give you up the poſſeſſion of my body.

Flor. No, I'l deal better with you; ſince you are unable to pay, I'l give in your bond.

Enter Philocles *with a Commanders Staff in his hand, Attended.*

Phil. Couſin I am ſorry I muſt take you from your company about an earneſt buſineſs.

Flor. There needs no excuſe my Lord, we had diſpatched our affairs, and were juſt parting.

Cel. Will you be going, Sir, ſweet Sir, damn'd Sir, I have but one word more to ſay to you.

Flor. As I a man of Honour, (I'l wait on you ſome other time.—

Cel. By theſe Breeches.—*Flor.* which if I marry you I am reſolv'd to wear; put that into our bargain, and ſo adiew, Sir.——

[*Exit* Florimel.

—*Phil.* Hark you Couſin——(*They whisper.*)

You'l ſee it exactly executed; I rely upon you.

Cel. I ſhall not fail, my Lord; may the concluſion of it prove happy to you. *Exit* Celadon.

Philocles ſolus.

Where'er I caſt about my wandring eyes,

Greatneſs

Greatneſs lies ready in ſome ſhape to tempt me.
The royal furniture in every room,
The Guards, and the huge waving crowds of people,
All waiting for a ſight of that fair Queen
Who makes a preſent of her love to me:
Now tell me Stoique!
If all theſe with a wiſh might be made thine,
Would'ſt thou not truck thy ragged vertue for 'em?
If Glory was a bait that Angels ſwallow'd,
How then ſhould ſouls allay'd to ſence reſiſt it!

Enter Candiope.

Ah poor *Candiope*! I pity her,
But that is all.——

Cand. O my dear *Philocles*! a thouſand bleſſing wait on thee:
The hope of being thine, I think will put
Me paſt my meat and ſleep with extaſie,
So I ſhall keep the faſts of Seraphim's,
And wake for joy like Nightingals in *May*.

Phil. Wake *Philocles*, wake from thy dream of glory,
'Tis all but ſhadow to *Candiope*:
Canſt thou betray a love ſo innocent! [*aſide.*

Cand. What makes you melancholick? I doubt
I have diſpleaſed you?

Phil. No my love, I am not diſpleas'd with you,
But with my ſelf when I conſider
How little I deſerve you.

Cand. Say not ſo my *Philocles*, a love ſo true as yours
That would have left a Court, and a Queens favour
To live in a poor Hermitage with me.——

Phil. Ha! ſhe has ſtung me to the quick!
As if ſhe knew the falſhood I intended:
But, I thank Heav'n, it has recall'd my vertue;—— [*aſide.*
(*To her*) O my dear, I love you, and you only;
Go in, I have ſome buſineſs for a while;
But I think minutes ages till we meet.

Cand. I knew you had; but yet I could not chooſe
But come and look upon you.—— [*Exit* Candiope.

Phil.

Phil. What barbarous man could wrong so sweet a vertue!

Enter the Queen in black with Asteria.

Madam, the Sates are straight to meet; but why
In these dark ornaments will you be seen?

Qu. ——They fit the fortune of a Captive Queen.

Phil. ——Deep shades are thus to heighten colours set;
So Stars in Night, and Diamonds shine in Jet.

Qu. True friends should so in dark afflictions shine,
But I have no great cause to boast of mine.

Phil. You may have too much prejudice for some,
And think 'em false before their trial's come.
But, Madam, what determine you to do?

Qu. I came not here to be advis'd by you:
But charge you by that pow'r which once you own'd,
And which is still my right, ev'n when unthron'd;
That whatsoe'r the States resolve of me,
You never more think of *Candiope.*

Phil. Not think of her! ah, how should I obey!
Her tyrant eyes have forc'd my heart away.

Qu. By force retake it from those tyrant eyes,
I'l grant you out my Letters of Reprize.

Phil. She has, too well, prevented that design
By giving me her heart in change for mine.

Qu. Thus foolish Indians Gold for Glass forego,
'Twas to your loss you priz'd your heart so low.
I set its value when you were advanc'd,
And as my favours grew, its rate inhanc'd.

Phil. The rate of Subjects hearts by yours must go,
And love in yours has set the value low.

Qu. I stand corrected, and my self reprove,
You teach me to repent my low plac'd love:
Help me this passion from my heart to tear,
Now rail on him, and I will sit and hear.

Phil. Madam, like you, I have repented too,
And dare not rail on one I doe not know.

Qu. This, *Philocles*, like strange perverseness shows,
As if what e'r I said, you would oppose;
How come you thus concern'd for this unknown?

Phil.

Phil. I onely judge his actions by my own;

Qu. I've heard too much, and you too much, have said.
O Heav'ns, the secret of my soul's betray'd!
He knows my love, I read it in his face,
And blushes, conscious of his Queens disgrace. [*Aside.*
(*To him.*) Hence quickly, hence, or I shall die with shame.

Phil. Now I love both, and both with equal flame.
Wretched I came, more wretched I retire,
When two winds blow it who can quench the fire! *Exit* Philocles.

Qu. O my *Asteria* I know not whom to accuse;
But either my own eyes or you, have told
My love to *Philocles.*

Ast. Is't possibly that he should know it, Madam!

Qu. Me thinks you ask'd that question guiltily.
Her Hand on Ast. shoulder. Confess, for I will know, what was the subject of your long discourse,
I'th' Antichamber with him.

Ast. It was business to convince him, Madam,
How ill he did, being so much oblig'd,
To joyn in your imprisonment.

Qu. Nay, now I am confirm'd my thought was true;
For you could give him no such reason
Of his obligements as my love.

Ast. Because I saw him much a Malecontent,
I thought to win him to your interest, Madam,
By telling him it was no want of kindness
Made your refusal of *Candiope.*
And he perhaps— (*Qu.*) What of him now.

Ast. As men are apt, interpreted my words
To all th' advantage he could wrest the sence,
As if I meant you lov'd him.

Qu. Have I deposited within thy breast
The dearest treasure of my life, my glory,
And hast thou thus betray'd me!
But why do I accuse thy female weakness
And not my own for trusting thee!
Unhappy Queen, *Philocles* knows thy fondness,

And needs must think it done by thy Command.

Ast. Dear Madam, think not so.

Qu. Peace, peace, thou should'st for ever hold thy tongue.
For it has spoke too much for all thy life. —— [*To her.*
Then *Philocles* has told *Calliope*,
And courts her kindness with his scorn of me.
O whither am I fallen? But I must rouze my self, and give a stop
To all these ills by headlong passion caus'd;
In hearts resolv'd weak love is put to flight,
And only conquers when we dare not fight.
But we indulge our harms, and while he gains
An entrance, please our selves into our pains.

Enter Lysimantes.

Ast. Prince *Lysimantes*, Madam! ——

Qu. Come near you poor deluded criminal;
See how ambition cheats you:
You thought to find a Prisoner here,
But you behold a Queen.

Lys. And may you long be so: 'tis true this Act
May cause some wonder in your Majesty.

Qu. None, Cousin, none; I ever thought you
Ambitious, Proud, designing.
Yet all my Pride, Designs, and my Ambition
Were taught me by a Master
With whom you are not unacquainted, Madam.

Qu. Explain your self, dark purposes, like yours,
Need an interpretation.

Lys. 'Tis love I mean *(Qu.)* Have my low fortunes giv'n thee
This insolence to name it to thy Queen?

Lys. Yet you have heard love nam'd without offence,
As much below you as you think my passion,
I can look down on yours.——

Qu. Does he know it too!
This is th' extreamest malice of my Stars! —— [*aside.*

Lys. You see, that Princes faults,
(Howe'r they think 'em safe from publick view)
Fly out through the dark crannies of their Closets:
We know what the Sun does,

Ev'n

Ev'n when we see him not in t'other world.

Qu. My actions, Cousin, never fear'd the light.

Lys. Produce him then, you darling of the dark,
For such an one you have. (*Qu.*) I know no such.

Lys. You know, but will not own him.

Qu. Rebels ne'r want pretence to blacken Kings,
And this, it seems, is yours: do you produce him
Or ne'r hereafter sully my Renown
With this aspersion:—Sure he dares not name him ——— (*aside.*

Lys. I am too tender of your fames or else ———
Nor are things brought to that extremity,
Provided you accept my passion,
I'l gladly yield to think I was deceiv'd.

Qu. Keep in your error still; I will not buy
Your good opinion at so dear a rate,
As my own misery by bring yours.

Lys. Do not provoke my patience by such scorns,
For fear I break through all and name him to you.

Qu. Hope not to fright me with your mighty looks;
Know I dare stem that tempest in your brow,
And dash it back upon you.

Lys. Spight of prudence it will out: 'Tis *Philocles*.
Now judge, when I was made a property
To cheat my self by making him your Prisoner,
Whether I had not right to take up arms?

Qu. Poor envious wretch!
Was this the venome that swell'd up thy breast?
My grace to *Philocles* mis-deem'd my love!

Lys. 'Tis true, the Gentleman is innocent,
He ne'r sinn'd up so high, not in his wishes;
You know he loves elsewhere.

Qu. You mean your Sister.

Lys. I wish some Sybil now would tell me
Why you refus'd her to him?

Qu. Perhaps I did not think him worthy of her.

Lys. Did you not think him too worthy, Madam?
This is too thin a veil to hinder your passion,
To prove you love him not, you give her him,

And I'l engage my honour to lay down my Arms.

Qu. He is arriv'd where I would wish him, *aside.*
Call in the company, and you shall see what I will do.

Lyſ. Who waits without there? [*Exit* Lyſ.

Qu. Now hold, my heart, for this one act of honour,
And I will never ask more courage of thee.
Once more I have the means to reinstate my self into my glory;
I feel my love to *Philocles* within me
Shrinks, and pull back my heart from this hard tryal,
But it muſt be when glory ſays it muſt,
As children wading from ſome Rivers back
First try the water with their tender feet,
Then ſhuddring up with cold, ſtep back again,
And ſtreight a little further venture on,
Till at the laſt they plunge into the deep,
And paſs at once, what they were doubting long:
I'l make the ſame experiment, it ſhall be done in haſte,
Becauſe I'l put it paſt my power to undo.

Enter at one door Lyſimantes, *at the other* Philocles, Celadon, Candiope, Florimel, Flavia, Olinda, Sabina; *the three Deputies and Soldiers.*

Lyſ. In Arms! is all well, *Philotlete?*

Phil. No, but it ſhall be.

Qu. He comes, and with him
The Feavour of my Love returns to ſhake me.
I ſee love is not baniſh'd from my ſoul,
He's ſtill there, but is chain'd up by glory.

Aſt. You've made a noble conqueſt, Madam.

Qu. Come hither, *Philocles:* I am firſt to tell you
I and my Couſin are agreed, he has
Engag'd to lay down Arms.

Phil. 'Tis well for him he has; for all his party
By my command already are ſurpriz'd,
While I was talking with your Majeſty.

Cel. Yes 'faith I have done him that courteſie,
I brought his followers, under pretence of guarding them, to a ſtraight

Place where they are all coupt up without uſe of their Arms, and
May be pelted to death by the ſmall infantry o're the town.

Qu. 'Twas more than I expected, or could hope;
Yet ſtill I thought your meaning honeſt.

Phil. My fault was raſhneſs, but 'twas full of zeal:
Nor had I e'r been led to that attempt,
Had I not ſeen it would be done without me:
But by compliance I preſerv'd the pow'r
Which I have ſince made uſe of for your ſervice.

Qu. And which I purpoſe ſo to recompence.——

Lyſ. With her Crown ſhe means, I knew 'twould come to't [*aſide.*

Phil. O Heaven's, ſhe'll own her love!
Then I muſt loſe *Candiope* for ever,
And floating in a vaſt abyſs of glory,
Seek and not find my ſelf!——

Qu. Take your *Candiope*; and be as happy
As love can make you both:——how pleas'd I am
That I can force my tongue;
To ſpeak words ſo far diſtant from my heart!—— [*aſide.*

Cand. My happineſs is more than I can utter!

Lyſ. Methinks I could do violence on my ſelf for taking Arms
Againſt a Queen ſo good, ſo bountiful:
Give me leave, Madam, in my extaſie
Of joy, to give you thanks for *Philocles.*
You have preſerv'd my friend, and now he ows not
His fortunes onely to your favour; but
What's more, his life, and more than that, his love.
I am convinc'd, ſhe never lov'd him now;
Since by her free conſent, all force remov'd
She gives him to my Siſter.
Flavia was an Impoſtor and deceiv'd me.——

Phil. As for me, Madam, I can onely ſay
That I beg reſpite for my thanks, for on a ſudden,
The benefit's ſo great it overwhelms me.

Aſt. Mark but th' faintneſs of th' acknowledgement. { *to the Qu.* / *aſide.*

Qu. to *Aſt.*] I have obſerv'd it with you, and am pleas'd
He ſeems not ſatisfy'd; for I ſtill wiſh

That he may love me.

Phil. I see *Asteria* deluded me
With flattering hopes of the Queens love
Onely to draw me off from *Lysimantes*: ——
But I will think no more on't.
I'm going to possess *Candiope*,
And I am ravish'd with the joy on't! ha!
Not ravish'd neither.
For what can be more charming than that Queen!
Behold how night sits lovely on her eye-brows,
While day breaks from her eyes! then a Crown too:
Lost, lost, for ever lost, and now 'tis gone,
'Tis beautiful. —— *aside.*

Ast. How he eyes you still! —— *to the Queen.*

Phil. Sure I had one of the fallen Angels Dreams,
All Heav'n within this hour was mine! —— *aside.*

Cand. What is it that disturbs you Dear?

Phil. Onely the greatness of my joy;
I've ta'ne too strong a Cordial, love,
And cannot yet digest it.

[*Qu. Clapping her hand on* Asteria] 'Tis done! but this pang more;
and then a glorious birth.
The tumults of this day, my loyal Subjects,
Have setled in my heart a resolution,
Happy for you, and glorious too for me.
First for my Cousin, though attempting on my person,
He has incurr'd the danger of the Laws,
I will not punish him

Lys. You bind me ever to my loyalty.

Qu. Then that I may oblige you more to it,
I here declare you rightful successor,
And Heir immediate to my Crown:
This, Gentlemen, —— [*To the Deputies.*
I hope will still my subjects discontents,
When they behold succession firmly setled.

[*Deputies*] Heav'n preserve your Majesty.

Qu. As for my self I have resolv'd
Still to continue as I am, unmarried:

The

The cares, obſervances, and all the duties
Which I ſhould pay an husband, I will place
Upon my people; and our mutual love
Shall make a bleſſing more than Conjugal.
And this the States ſhall ratifie.

Lyſ. Heav'n bear me witneſs that I take no joy
In the ſucceſſion of a Crown
Which muſt deſcend to me ſo ſad a way.

Qu. Couſin, no more; my reſolution's paſt,
Which fate ſhall never alter.

Phil. Then I am once more happy:
For ſince none poſſeſs her, I am pleas'd
With my own choice, and will deſire no more.
For multiplying wiſhes is a curſe
That keep the mind ſtill painfully awake:

Qu. Celadon,
Your care and loyalty have this day oblig'd me!
But how to be acknowledging I know not,
Unleſs you give the means.

Cel. I was in hope your Majeſty had forgot me; therefore if you pleaſe, Madam, I'l onely beg a pardon for having taken up arms once to day againſt you; for I have a fooliſh kind of Conſcience, which I wiſh many of your Subjects had, that will not let me ask a recompence for my loyalty, when I know I have been a Rebel.

Qu. Your Modeſty ſhall not ſerve the turn; ask ſomething.

Cel. Then I beg, Madam, you will command *Florimel* never to be friends with me.

Flor. Ask again; I grant that without the Queen: but why are you afraid on't?

Cel. Becauſe I am ſure as ſoon as ever you are, you'l marry me.

Flor. Do you fear it?

Cel. No, 'twill come with a fear.

Flor. If you do, I will not ſtick with you for an Oath.

Cel. I require no Oath till we come to Church; and then after the Prieſt, I hope, for I find it will be my deſtiny to marry thee.

Flor. If ever I ſay word after the black Gentleman for thee *Celadon*.——

Cel.

Cel. Then I hope you'l give me leave to beſtow a faithful heart elſewhere.

Flor. I but if you would have one you muſt beſpeak it, for I am ſure you have none ready made.

Cel. What ſay you, ſhall I marry *Flavia*?

Flor. No, ſhe'l be too cunning for you.

Cel. What ſay you to *Olinda* then? ſhe's tall, and fair, and bonny.

Flor. And fooliſh, and Apiſh, and fickle.

Cel. But *Sabina*, there's pretty, and young, and loving, and innocent.

Flor. And dwarfiſh, and childiſh, and fond, and flippant: if you marry her Siſter you will get May-poles, and if you marry her you will get Fairies to dance about them.

Cel. Nay then the caſe is clear, *Florimel*; if you take 'em all from me, 'tis becauſe you reſerve me for your ſelf.

Flor. But this marriage is ſuch a Bugbear to me; much might be if we could invent but any way to make it eaſie.

Cel. Some fooliſh people have made it uneaſie; by drawing the knot faſter than they need; but we that are wiſer will looſen it a little.

Flor. 'Tis true indeed, there's ſome difference betwixt a Girdle and a Halter.

Cel. As for the firſt year, according to the laudable cuſtom of new married people, we ſhall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we ſhall never have enough of one another.——So far 'tis pleaſant enough I hope.

Flor. But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another——what then Sir?

Cel. Why then our onely happineſs muſt be to have one mind, and one will, *Florimel*.

Flor. One mind if thou wilt, but prithee let us have two wills; for I find one will be little enough for me alone, But how if thoſe wills ſhould meet and claſh, *Celadon*?

Cel. I warrant thee for that: Husbands and Wives keep their wills far enough aſunder for ever meeting: one thing let us be ſure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous.

Flor. No; but e'n love one another as long as we can; and confeſs the truth when we can love no longer.

Cel.

Cel. When I have been at play, you shall never ask me what money I have lost.

Flor. When I have been abroad you shall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Item, I will have the liberty to sleep all night, without your interrupting my repose for any evil design whatsoever.

Flor. Item, Then you shall bid me good night before you sleep.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever liberties we take with other people, we continue very honest to one another.

Flor. As far as will consist with a pleasant life.

Cel. Lastly, Whereas the names of Husband and Wife hold forth nothing, but clashing and cloying, and dulness and faintness in their signification; they shall be abolish'd for ever betwixt us.

Flor. And instead of those, we will be married by the more agreeable names of Mistress and Gallant.

Cel. None of my priviledges to be infring'd by thee *Florimel*, under the penalty of a month of Fasting-nights.

Flor. None of my priviledges to be infring'd by thee *Celadon*, under the penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel. Well, if it be my fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou shouldst make me one then any one in *Sicily*: and for my comfort I shall have thee oftner than any of thy servants.

Flor. La ye now, is not such a marriage as good as wenching, *Celadon?*

Cel. This is very good, but not so good, *Florimel.*

Qu. Now set me forward to th' Assembly.
You promise Cousin your consent?

Lys. But most unwillingly.

Qu. Philocles, I must beg your voice too.

Phil. Most joyfully I give it.

Lys. Madam but one word more;——since you are so resolv'd,
That you may see bold as my passion was,
'Twas onely for your person not your Crown;
I swear no second love
Shall violate the flame I had for you,
But in strict imitation of your Oath
I vow a single life.

Sa. To Asteria. Now, my *Asteria*, my joys are full;
The pow'rs above that see
The innocent love I bear to *Philocles*,
Have giv'n its due reward; for by this means
The right of *Lysimantes* will devolve
Upon *Candiope*; and I shall have
This great content, to think, when I am dead
My Crown may fall on *Philicles* his head.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Perſon of Honour.

OVr Poet ſomething doubtful of his Fate
Made choice of me to be his Advocate,
Relying on my Knowledg in the Laws,
And I as boldly undertook the Cauſe.
I left my Client yonder in a rant
Againſt the envious, and the ignorant,
Who are, he ſayes his onely Enemies:
But he contemns their malice, and defies
The ſharpeſt of his Cenſurers to ſay
Where there is one groſs fault in all his Play.
The language is ſo fitted for each part,
The Plot according to the Rules of Art;
And twenty other things he bid me tel you,
But I cry'd e'n go do't your ſelf for Nelly.
Reaſon with Judges, urg'd in the defence
Of thoſe they would condemn, is inſolence;
I therefore wave the merits of his Play,
And think it fit to plead this ſafer way.
If when too many in the purchaſe ſhare
Robbing's not worth the danger nor the care;
The men of buſineſs, muſt in Policy,
Cheriſh a little harmeleſs Poetry,
All wit won'd elſe grow up to Knavery.
Wit is a Bird of Muſick, or of Prey.
Mounting ſhe ſtrikes at all things in her way.

But

But if this Birdlime once but touch her wings.
On the next bush she sits her down, and sings.
I have but one word more; tell me I pray
What you will get by damning of our Play?
A whipt Fanatick who does not recant
Is by his Brethren call'd a suff'ring Saint;
And by your hands shou'd this poor Poet die
Before he does renounce his Poetry,
His death must needs confirm the party more
Than all his scribling life could do before:
Where so much zeal does in a Sect appear,
'Tis to no purpose, 'faith to be severe.
But 'tother day I heard this rhyming Fop
Say Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top;
For, as a Top spins the more you baste her,
So every lash you give, he writes the faster.

FINIS.

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